

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CHARLESS.

MR. JOSEPH CHARLESS, whose murder we chronicled in our last issue, had been engaged in business in this country for over thirty years, and his firm, that of Charless, Blow & Co., wholesale druggists, is one of high standing in the country, and is in deservedly good repute through the entire West.

Both in his own business and as President of the Mechanics' Bank, he has been intimately connected with all the financial men of St. Louis, and his integrity and probity has never been called in question. No enterprise in which the city of St. Louis was concerned ever failed to receive pecuniary aid from him. He was quick to perceive advantages resulting from public improvements, and always urged them onward. Every road, every public building, every church, every benevolent institution, received liberal assistance from him, and that without parade or with any desire that it should be known of men. His charities were bestowed in the same spirit, and those who have known him most intimately bear testimony to his liberality in assisting the unfortunate and the poor—the latter of whom have lost in him a true friend. Mr. Charless was a member of the Presbyterian church for many years before his death, and was most liberal in his contributions for every object connected with the advancement of religion and good morals at home and abroad. Exemplifying in his own course and conversation the character of a true Christian, it may well be supposed that he passed through life without censure and without an enemy—if we except the one who so suddenly and causelessly put an end to that life.

We mentioned in our last that attempts had been made to lynch the murderer, but the excitement has since subsided, and he is now in St. Louis jail, awaiting the action of the law.



MR. JOSEPH CHARLESS, SHOT, AT ST. LOUIS, BY JOSEPH THORNTON, 3RD JUNE, 1859.

THE GREAT WAR.

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THE result of Montebello was a determined irritation on the part of the Austrian army, and of expectation on that of the Allies. It is difficult to get a true version of any battle, even where there exists no bias, since even impartial men see the most trifling events from different points of view; but in a great struggle, where two mighty principles are in conflict, it is almost an impossibility. This more especially applies to the war now raging in Italy. The free presses of America and England have already taken sides with an earnestness perfectly astonishing, and the mixed nature of the dispute renders it one of the most complicated questions that ever agitated the public mind.

A simple struggle between Austrian despotism and Italian freedom admits of little room for discussion; but when it has the disturbing element of another tyrant battling on the side of liberty, the question assumes a complex aspect, in which every simple mind may be excused from giving an immediate decision.

We consider this as the cause of the open and almost shameless partisanship of the British and American presses. In giving from



OCCUPATION OF CASTEGGIO BY THE FRENCH ARMY AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

week to week a connected account of the operations of the present war, such is the wilful misrepresentation of those who are at the scene of action, that, with all our wish to be impartial, it is most difficult to give an accurate version of these daily events which form the important history of the present time.

The exaggerations of our writers create a mist which distorts the dimensions of every event, and it requires time to allow it to clear away before we can rightly estimate the true proportions of victory or defeat.

The immense interests now at stake render this intelligible, for upon the hazard of the present die the chiefs of two powerful dynasties place their all. Francis Joseph and Louis Napoleon, like two gamblers, now stand with their dice box of battle, resolved to rise or fall by that hazardous test.

The battle of Montebello, as the French and Sardinians term it, or the reconnoissance of Montebello, as the Austrians report it, left the opposing armies in an expectant attitude.

The retreat of the Austrians, which the Allies construed into a decided defeat, becomes by their account a natural result, since the very nature of the operation defines it to be a visit of inquiry. Other circumstances however afford us conclusive evidence that the retirement of the Austrians was a repulse, and not a mere withdrawing from a position assumed to gather intelligence. Nevertheless, there was nothing in it calculated to depress one party, or inflate the other. This was rendered very evident by the actions which have taken place since the skirmish of Montebello. That the result of these meetings have not greatly encouraged the victorious Allies is pretty evident from the caution maintained by them. The impetuous Victor Emanuel of Novara contents himself by heading a charge, and the great hero of that astounding *corp d'elal* of 24 December postpones astonishing and delighting that most impatient of all audiences, the French nation.

The Combat of Palestro.

On Monday, the 31st, Victor Emanuel, with about 20,000 men, crossed the river Sesia, opposite Palestro, a town equidistant from Novara and Mortara. The Austrians were entrenched at Palestro, Casellino and Vinzaglio, where they awaited, with great composure the attack of the Sardinians. The assault was confined to Palestro, which, after an obstinate struggle, was taken from the Austrians. The Sardinians captured two guns and a few prisoners. In this combat the King of Sardinia displayed the most admirable coolness with the most daring valor. He is becoming very popular with the French, who compare the caution of their Emperor with his courage and contempt of danger. In the evening Vercelli was illuminated for the victory. Louis Napoleon traversed the streets on foot, and rejoicings made the air ring.

Early the next morning 25,000 Austrians made a desperate attempt to retake the town they had lost the preceding day, and moved to the assault with true Teutonic pluck. Victor Emanuel commanded the fourth division on in person. The combat was long and bloody; and although the Sardinians repulsed their enemies along the front, yet the Austrians at one time outflanked the Sardinians so far as to threaten the bridge of boats which connected Victor Emanuel's division with General Canrobert. To prevent this, Louis Napoleon despatched Cialdini at the head of the Third Regiment of Zouaves, who, although wholly unsupported by artillery, rushed desperately upon the enemy's battery, planted on the side of a deep canal, and carried it with great rapidity, bayoneting the gunners, and driving the Austrians into the water. In this sanguinary action 400 Austrians were drowned, and 500 made prisoners. The Zouaves lost nearly 300 in killed and wounded.

The next day General Niel entered Novara at the head of his division, and attacked the Austrian outposts, which, after a sharp struggle, were carried by the French. In the evening Louis Napoleon entered the town, and was received with loud acclamations.

During the combat at Palestro another fight took place at Confienza, in the province of Lomellina, in which the enemy were repulsed by the division Fantz, after a two hour's conflict.

On Monday night a picket of the enemy endeavored to pass the Po at Cervensina, but were repulsed by the inhabitants. The Austrians have evacuated Varzo, in the province of Bobbio.

General Klappa is at present occupied in Genoa with the formation of a Hungarian Legion, which is to wear the national costume, with a view to attract their countrymen who are serving in the Austrian army.

The Day After the Battle of Montebello.

Within fifteen hours after the battle was over, we entered Montebello, where were only an advanced guard of forty light Sardinian horse. The city was still almost a desert. The inhabitants who had fled the day before at the approach of the enemy's columns, were returning timidly one by one, watching and listening sharply, to find out the condition of their houses. Corpses covered the approaches to the town and filled the streets, those of the Austrians in the proportion to four to one of the Allies. While M. Gaidrou, my fellow traveller, was sketching for *L'Illustration* the scenes of the battle, according to the description of the Piedmontese officer, I went into some of the houses.

Everywhere I saw soldiers dead and stiff in the attitudes in which they had been struck. Bodies strewn in pools of blood, furniture broken, walls grooved by balls, doors and windows smashed, bayonets bent, and twisted muskets which had been used as clubs, all this made up one of those scenes which are never forgotten.

I went to the cemetery. It was literally filled with Austrians, lying among the graves. It is on ground elevated considerably above the road, and has a wall which is pierced with grated openings. It might almost be called a fortification. All the irrepressible and incredible dash of our soldiers was required to dislodge a desperate enemy with so little loss.

I have seen the Austrian prisoners. Many of them are Hungarians, and openly express their joy at being in our hands. They tell, in bad Italian, incredible stories of their sufferings since the campaign commenced, and of the sorry state of Gyulai's army.

Garibaldi in Lombardy.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* gives the following sketch of Garibaldi's operations in Lombardy:

It was on Monday evening that Garibaldi's Chasseurs of the Alps arrived at Varese, after a prodigious march of two days. A proclamation was issued by the General, inviting the whole of the Varese province to rise against their oppressors. The appeal was generally listened to, and men of every age and condition hastened to the official residence of Marquis Visconti, the extraordinary commissioner sent by Count Cavour as the coadjutor of the Italian General. In less than two hours, the whole of the surrounding country was in arms. Old men, children, and even women, came to the Town Hall with all sorts of weapons, ready to help the small band—3,000—of their brethren. Varese was soon fortified, barricades erected, and means of defence carefully ordered. Bands of peasants were pouring into the town from the numberless hamlets, villas and villages, which deck the picturesque hills of that beautiful country—the finest in Lombardy, and perhaps of Europe.

Garibaldi, who is always to be found everywhere when danger is coming, began to array in companies the new comers, and gave the necessary orders for the defence of the country, as he supposed the Austrians posted at Gallarate would attack him on the next day.

He was not deceived in his expectations, for on Wednesday morning, at dawn, three hundred Croats and one hundred and thirty Hungarians, with a field battery, marched from Gallarate to Sesto Calende, where the advanced guard of our chasseurs were posted. This advanced guard was commanded by Captain Decristoforis, a young man of great military ability, who only two months ago was in England, and kept a first-rate military school at Putney. After a fight, which lasted two hours, the enemy was completely defeated, leaving some prisoners in our hands.

The Austrians were obliged to retire on Somma, and nothing was

heard of them till next morning at four o'clock. This second attack was of a more serious character. It was effected by a brigade five thousand strong, with ten field pieces and two squadrons of Uhlans. After a first discharge of their muskets the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with the bayonet, and with so much impetuosity that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing. Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand-to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand-to-hand with swords and bayonets.

At the report of the musketry and artillery, the country people hastened to the scene of action, with pitchforks, half-pikes and cleavers. "It was a dreadful scene of slaughter," said an eye witness to me, "which lasted three hours." Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians, who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness.

Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the side of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as they had been poppets.

A Count Montanari, from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1853 by Radezky's order, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword.

At seven o'clock the Austrian General was obliged to give the order for a retreat, as his men were falling in all directions. Garibaldi was close at their heels till they reached the strong position of Mairate, where they stopped to repair their losses.

This is a short but faithful sketch of Garibaldi's exploit. It will always be recorded as one of the most brilliant actions fought in the present war, because he had no artillery, and his soldiers were but volunteers, scarcely drilled and unaccustomed to camp life.

A better idea of this daring chief's operations will be gained from the following telegrams than by a detailed account:

TURN, MONDAY.—Garibaldi has received reinforcements at Como. The artillery has been organized, and a national guard mobilized. Volunteers are hastening to increase the militia. The national movement is spreading, and the town of Lecco is free.

BERNE, MONDAY.—General Garibaldi yesterday suffered a defeat by a superior force of the Austrians, and has withdrawn into the Canton Tessin.

TURN, TUESDAY.—Yesterday the Austrians attacked the Sardinian vanguard at Sesto Calende; the fight lasted two hours. Our troops crossed the Ticino in pursuit after the enemy. A numerous Austrian *corps d'armee* appeared before Varese. Garibaldi ordered the national guard not to resist, and fell back on the Lake Maggiore. An attack was attempted by our troops against Laveno, on the Lake Maggiore, but without result.

BERNE, WEDNESDAY (via France).—General Garibaldi himself, or a strong detachment of his force, has left Como, and arrived in the afternoon of the 30th before Laveno, a fortified town on the Lago Maggiore. He commenced an immediate attack upon the town, and maintained it during the whole night. Yesterday morning Garibaldi's troops withdrew, but resumed in the evening the attack, which lasted the whole night.

BERNE, WEDNESDAY (via Germany).—The Austrians in force, amounting to 4,000 men, took possession, yesterday, of Varese. The Sardinian auxiliary troops, under the command of General Cialdini, were intercepted, and could not reach Sesto Calende. General Garibaldi marched to Laveno. Cannonading was heard the whole night at the frontier of the Canton Tessin.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* says: "The report of guns at Coire, foot of Splügen, had alarmed distant authorities, but it turned out to be blind mortars, discharged to celebrate the election of Florentia de Mauser to the mire of that town by the Dean and Chapter, who alone make the choice of that functionary, as was the primitive practice of Christianity."

VIENNA, WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Garibaldi has been driven back from Sondrio into the mountains. General Urban's troops are pursuing him. Count Cam's army corps is already at Milan, Brescia, &c. The only issue now open to Garibaldi is the Stelvio. The above news is official.

Surmises on the War.

The London *Globe* says the latest movements of the French and Sardinians appear to indicate an advance on Milan of the Allies' left and centre. As soon as the corps of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers evacuated Casteggio, Montebello, and Voghera on Monday, the Austrians again entered those towns.

La Presse, of Paris, says, that the uncertainty which prevails as to which course the Government of Naples will pursue, induces the Cabinets of France and England to act with great circumspection.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* takes it for granted that the new King of Naples is in the hands of the Austrians.

The Minister of War (France) has ordered that the baking of bread in the military bakeries of Paris and Vincennes shall cease, and that they shall be employed exclusively in making biscuit. At Vincennes contracts are to be entered into with private bakers for the supply of bread to the garrison, and at Paris the bread for the troops is to be made in the bakeries of the charitable establishments.

According to accounts from Turin, Count Paar, in virtue of existing treaties, is said to have obtained permission from the Duchess of Parma for the passage of Austrian troops through the duchy to proceed into Tuscany.

A letter from the canton of Grisons states that, a few days ago, the frontier guards of Upper Valtellina, having received orders from the Austrian authorities to go to Sondrio, refused to obey, and set out for Piedmont by way of Brissio and Poschiavo.

Anecdotes of the War.

THE DISCIPLINE OF HONOR.—A letter from Marengo of the 26th says: Two grenadiers of the Guard having entered a store room and filled their canteens with wine from a cask in which they bored a hole, the Emperor has punished them by depriving them of the honor of taking part in the campaign, and has sent them back to France to the depot of their regiment. This punishment has been announced in an order of the day from Marshal Vaillant, and has created a great sensation among the troops. The health of the troops continues satisfactory. This is owing to their being in good spirits and abundantly fed.

THE DUKE DE CHARTRES.—Private letters tell us that the affair on the Sesia was far more serious than has as yet been reported. Victor Emanuel appears to have been wounded rather severely, and two of the aides-de-camp were killed fighting by his side. All accounts agree in speaking highly of the young Duke de Chartres, towards whom a kindly feeling, similar to that manifested towards a spoiled child, is exhibited by every individual in the army. The young duke is said to be indefatigable in the performance of his duties. His health is delicate; but no person can induce him to abstain from participating in the fatigues of his comrades. He is tall beyond his strength, very slight, and very fair, and bears a strong resemblance to his father when a boy. It was a common saying at Claremont that the Duke de Chartres was kept alive solely by kindness and cod-liver oil; but the energy and steadiness he has developed in the service have already given proof that, as in many cases, vitality has been developed by the very circumstances which would have been dreaded as creating debility.

A "CONTRABAND OF WAR" PUZZLE.—The "contraband of war" question was disturbed at Genoa the other day in a new light. The sailors of an English ship, chartered as a transport by the French Government, had been on board some months, and consequently had due to them, say £20 a piece. They determined, it seems, that it would be more pleasant to spend this sum in a pretty town like Genoa than to increase it during the summer months by the sweat of their brow. So, with the help of some "sea lawyer" among them, they pointed out to the captain that he was compelling them

to abet his "fitting out a ship as a transport, with intent to commit hostilities," &c., declared a misdemeanor by her Majesty's proclamation, and claimed their discharge. Legally they are right, no doubt, but what will the poor captain do?

THE FRENCH IN GENOA.—I have good reason for believing that on the night of the 25th of May 93,000 French, of all arms, had arrived in Genoa, besides the regiments of cavalry sent round by Nice and the Cornice road. Of these latter the following numbers have arrived up to the present time, according to an account which I cannot vouch for as accurate, but which is, at least, approximative: Of the Guides, the Chasseurs de la Garde, the 1st and the 2d Cuirassiers, four squadrons each; of the Lancers and the Dragons de la Garde de l'Imperatrice, two squadrons each; making 20 squadrons or 8,000 men in all.

HOW THE GOLD WAS GOT.—The Austrian prisoners embarked on board the *Isere* for Marseilles belonged for the most part to the 32d Regiment of Infantry of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este. A letter from Turin, in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, states that there were found on these men a great number of gold pieces, and as the Austrian soldiers only receive paper-money from the Government, this gold, the writer declares, must have been taken by them from the inhabitants of the provinces occupied by Gyulai's troops.

FIGHTING HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN.—The *Moniteur* says: "The Emperor having heard that there was living at Alessandria an old soldier, named Fleuret, eighty-seven years of age, who had received three wounds on the 26th Brumaire, An. 5, at the battle of Arcole, in dashing forward among the first on the bridge sent on the 22d for the veteran to headquarters, before his Majesty attended mass. The old man, on being introduced to the Emperor, recounted with animation the part which he had taken in that battle, and when he had finished his recital his Majesty gave him with his own hand the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In receiving this recompense, which exceeded all his wishes, the soldier of Arcole burst into tears, and could only express his gratitude in a few broken words, which were, however, more eloquent than a long address."

Since the beginning of the month a number of letters, addressed to Austrian officers, reached our General Post Office. Almost all of them came from Germany, and, no doubt, the writers expected that they would be exactly delivered. This shows that the Austrians thought they would easily reach the capital of Piedmont. Some days having elapsed without the arrival of General Gyulai, the Post Office Director made a report to the Minister of the Interior, asking him what he ought to do with the letters. Count Cavour dispatched all the letters to Baron Bresset de St Simon, the Prussian Minister at the Sardinian Court. As this gentleman, since 1857, has had the protection of Austrian interests and subjects in Piedmont, Count Cavour wrote the following witty letter:

"MONSIEUR LE BARON.—The numerous letters I have the honor to send to your Excellency have been lying for some days at the General Post, without the officers to whom they are addressed having asked for them. As, perhaps, these gentlemen are likely never to arrive in Turin, I beg you to have them sent where they are.

"I have the honor to be of your Excellency, &c., CAVOUR."

General de Sonnaz, whose chivalric courage has been so much admired, says a Turin letter, was on the point of being killed by an Austrian chasseur, who was taking aim at him with his rifle. A soldier, seeing the danger, dashed forward and received the ball, and fell severely wounded, well satisfied, however, with having saved the life of his commander. This soldier was one of the Lombard volunteers, the Marquis Radini. He is now at Voghera, but his wound excites serious uneasiness.

M. Meissonnier, the favorite painter, has received a commission from the Minister of State to paint one or two pictures illustrative of the war in Piedmont, the subject to be at the choice of the artist, either portraits of the leaders of the allied armies, or battle scenes. The *Pays* says that M. Meissonnier will set out for Italy almost immediately, and that M. Fould has presented him with a fee of 50,000 francs for his remuneration. M. Meissonnier is the painter of the "Rixe," a picture presented by the Emperor to the Queen of England.

Almost all the arms and uniforms collected on the field of battle of Montebello are to be brought to Paris. Several of them are destined for Horace Vernet, who has already received the Imperial commands to paint the second battle of Montebello for the galleries of Versailles.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And banners of standards sweep back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's granaries to fill,
And stern Death held his harvest to day.

There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose names were on faces as white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last tramp which they may not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riders charge stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted a ode,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victor looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The valk prongs of the peace time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dead battle-day;
Nor comes nor broadings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave's retreating—spent, still and slow,
With sounds like their spirit that faint as they go
By yon red glowing river whose waters
Still darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came,
In the price of those numbers they staked on the game.
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of Fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a gloriol name,
Never march with the lead and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn.
Like the giant of Giza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky:
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tunnel is silenced; the death lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would I ye free it once more, O ye brave!
Yes! the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked but—a grave!

THUNDER-STORM AND FROST.—Last Saturday week one of the most remarkable storms occurred that has been known for many years; this was followed the night after by a frost which has seldom been paralleled. The effects of this on the fruit has been most disastrous, more especially in New Jersey.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Young Man Kills his Brother.—Coroner O'Keefe held an inquest on Tuesday week, at No. 122 West street, upon the body of Theodore Troll, a German youth eighteen years of age, who was shot by his brother, Anthony Troll, the same afternoon. It appeared in evidence that the brothers were preparing to go to Hoboken, and Anthony brought his gun down stairs for the purpose of firing it to a mark, but before he left the house he pointed it toward his brother, and playfully remarked, "Take care or you will get shot." An instant after the gun, from some cause, was discharged, and the slug with which it was loaded entered the neck of young Troll, severing the carotid artery, and killing him instantly. The coroner's jury were of the impression that the shooting was wholly unintentional, and they rendered a verdict of "accidental death." Young Troll manifested the most poignant grief at the untimely result of his deed. The deceased was eight years of age and Anthony twenty. The coroner discharged the homicide, who had given himself up to the officers of justice, with a severe reprimand for his carelessness.

A Letter-Writer Torn to Pieces.—The Dubuque Times calls Mr. Jones, who left the following story, trustworthy: "Mr. Jones left Cherry Creek on his return journey, about four weeks since. He was not able to realize a farthing for all his expenditure of time and money, and his long continued exposure and fatigue. Many of the emigrants had, previous to his departure, suffered extremely, and there were increasing manifestations of desperation among them. About five hundred of the most reckless had organized themselves into a company of 'lynchers,' and there was a sworn purpose among them to visit summary vengeance upon all persons who had been instrumental in circulating false reports of the existence of gold at Cherry Creek. Mr. Jones, a native of St. Charles, Floyd county, Iowa, was suspected and convicted of having been one of the fraudulent letter writers, and he was out to death in a most horrible manner. Four males were hatched to the extremities of his limbs, made to draw in different directions, and he was literally torn to pieces. Mrs. A. Jones, formerly of Chick-saw county, and two other persons whose names the coroner could not remember, were shot for the same offense. Great indignation exists against the inhabitants of Omaha City and Council Bluffs, and the returning gold-hunters threaten vengeance upon those towns."

Accident in Broadway.—Last week a pair of horses attached to a carriage in which were seated Mrs. McMurphy and son, No. 10 East Fourteenth street, and the coachman, became frightened at the snapping of a bolt in one of the springs, and started off at a fearful rate up Broadway. The driver lost all control of the animal, but a time managed to get the other vehicle. The carriage came in contact with a car, and with a pile of bricks, and finally with a hydrant when the horses were stopped by some of the passers-by. Mrs. McMurphy and her son were thrown into the street, the former receiving a slight cut over the eye, the latter a splinter in the forehead. The driver was pitched out of the vehicle headfirst, and badly injured by striking one of the wheels. His injuries are internal. Several were the several collisions that the carriage was involved in a private car, and the escape of the occupants from instant death was most miraculous.

A Frog in the Stomach Three Years.—A son of Mr. Charles Davis, residing in Galt's court, residing from Montgomery, near Light street (says the Baltimore Sun), has caused the family great uneasiness for three years past, in consequence of his being subject, at times for hours together, to spasms and terrible fits. Physicians were consulted, but all their investigations failed to reveal the cause that produced the malady. One afternoon, about three o'clock, when entering the house, the lad was seized with the symptoms of his malady, and in a fit of retching threw up upon the floor a live frog about two inches in length. The frog hopped quickly about the floor until caught by the family. Instant relief was experienced by the lad. His name is William Davis, and he is about ten years of age. He has no recollection of the time the frog was taken to his stomach, but his father thinks it was swallowed with his drink about three years ago, when he was ill at the afflicted with fits.

A Night Prowler Assaulted—His Disappearance.—The premises 139 Washington street are occupied by a widow woman as a boarding house. On Tuesday night several parties were there, among whom were Thomas Donaldson, his wife, and a poor near-sighted man known as "Barney." Late at night a difficulty arose between Donaldson and Barney, during which Donaldson, it is alleged, seized a bottle of liquor and struck Barney on the head, inflicting a very severe wound. Both parties, then, according to the statement of Matthew Dunn, a witness, ran into the street, but Donaldson returned shortly afterwards, and remarked to those present, "I guess I (Barney) will not trouble you any more," his strongly insinuating that he had fled several persons who were upon him. Officer Miller, of the First Ward, feeling that the matter was serious, hastened to the place and arrested Donaldson, who was taken to the station-house and locked up. His version of the matter is, that Barney came to his bed in the night and thrust his head under the covers, thereby awakening Donaldson, who kept still for a few moments, when Barney slipped a bottle of liquor into his hand, double the thing he was giving him liquor to Mrs. Donaldson. The husband then, as he says, struck Barney on the head with the bottle, which was broken and the liquor spilled. Donaldson denies striking Barney again in the street, otherwise injuring him. At all events, Barney has not since been seen, and Officer Miller and the witness Dunn have searched in vain for him. It is suspected that the missing man may have been thrown overboard, or his absence, it is possible, is the result of fright. Donaldson is in the Tombs.

Generous and Golden California.—The Philadelphia Press, says: We saw yesterday a nice little block of compact virgin gold, addressed to Ann Pamela Cunningham, amounting in value to \$3,330, the result of only one month's California contributions to the Mount Vernon Fund. Such results must be truly encouraging to the agent, who has been thus far so wonderfully successful in the appointment of such a band of noble and accomplished women to represent, for this sacred purpose, each State of our favored Union. The national nugget was transferred to the mint for coinage, and will speedily reappear, no doubt, in the current form of golden coin.

A Newark Riot.—A squad of police was called out about eight o'clock on Tuesday evening to quell a riot at an Episcopal Church (Trinity), located on the Military Park, in the center of the city, recently resolved to enlarge their edifice by an addition in the rear, which would be wholly built on the public park and take in one of the broad walks which for centuries has remained undisturbed, the park having been laid out in 1666. Advantages had been taken by the church people of the fact that there is no State Church in Newark, and a number of the police were sent to guard the church. The church authorities, however, are not to be deterred, and yesterday Mr. Lusk, president of the church, declared that the church was not in his custody, and that he did not know where she was. This explanation Lord Campbell and the Judges did not deem satisfactory, and they required him to order into his own recognition, with sureties to answer the charges that will be put to him. The Daily News, of June 3, says that arrangements are in progress which will result in a union of the Episcopal and the Liberal parishes as a whole. In the great home and/or questions of neutrality and reform the present ministry have repeatedly, both in word and deed, followed convictions as a war which the nation has unanimously expected, and the Daily News says that they are prepared to do that in a few days the country will have a Government which, instead of trying to delude it by covert manifestations of anti-national sympathies and aims, will openly and honestly reflect the national will.

January and June.—The Washington gossip has quite a toothsome topic in the recent marriage between a senator, a well-known lady of fashion, and a distinguished young owning master. The lady in question has seen some six or seven summers, while the youth is only one and twenty. Winter therefore literally lingers in the lap of spring. Mrs. Eaton made a figure in her day and generation. She was a daughter of a Mr. O'Neil, who kept a fashionable hotel in the West and here more than thirty years ago, and married Mr. Timberlake, a purser in the Navy. After his death, and just before the advent of General Jackson in the Presidency, she became Mrs. Eaton, the wife of his intimate friend and future Secretary of War. In that position she encountered several embarrassments with General Jackson's colleagues in office which ended in a break-up of the Cabinet—General Jackson siding with his friend and wife. The same cause led to a difficulty in the Presidency of Mr. Grant, which was then at its height by the President. General Eaton died a few years ago, and his widow has since resided here, nursing the comfortable estate which he bequeathed her, and leading a secluded life, mostly in the society of her grandchildren. It is said she has been the recipient of many offers of marriage, but when it comes to her she declines them. Many old friends protested against this alliance, but in vain. She was discreet enough to secure the control of her estate.

Another case equally remarkable has either occurred or is about to occur—for the precise fact is yet in doubt—in which a favored lady, of even more humble pretensions, figures as a principal character, with her youth as the attraction to what might be considered the wretched repose of sixty odd years. This romance is said to have begun under the inspiring influence of a hand organ. With the intelligence of these successes, a girl from France it would not be surprising to hear that the rich to Garibaldi's standard has materially subsided. At all events the cause of Italy is severely sustained in Washington by many of the far admirers of the French Republic, and exiles are proud in proportion to their merits and self-sacrificing patriotism.

Dog Barking, a Safe Business.—The dog broker does a safe business. If his stocks are low in proportion to the commercial world than those on the Exchange, they are less liable to fluctuations. There is no real short or going long; the terms are cash down, and the profit, however small, is certain. The business is generally in the hands of young America. The dog broker takes his place by the pond, and takes a lively individual capture as an unlucky dog, delivers him over to the executioner, and gets the ticket which entitles him to the reward, his business begins. He repeats the same to the lucky individual that, in order to get his fifty cents, or whatever the sum happens to be, he must go to the Mayor's office, which is too far off for a journey on foot, and that his rice will cost him ten cents on the way. Besides, he must wait half a day at the business, and in that half day who knows how many dog might be captured?

And so the broker argues the prints one by one; demonstrates the advantages of selling at a discount, and finally buys the ticket at the best terms he can make, paying cash. Next morning the dog broker goes to the City Hall with the tickets thus accumulated, and receives the full value. Frequently he brings two or three hundred tickets, and is very handsomely remunerated for his trouble.

Although the reward is certain and the amount definite, the dog broker buys as he can hit customers. For instance, a man who is in a great hurry for a glass of liquor, and has not the means at his disposal, can be brought to much better terms than one who is not thirsty. An old man, who has wasted most of his strength in capturing his canine victim, and cannot think of walking to the City Hall, is a better subject than a young one, who thinks nothing of tramping two or three miles. And thus the dog broker, like other brokers, looks out for himself, and buys at the best rates possible.

Horrible Affair.—A house carpenter in Philadelphia, named Murray, made a desperate attempt to commit suicide last Saturday, in the following manner: Going into a small shop in the rear of his father's house, with a lady's reticule filled with powder, and a lighted cigar in his mouth, he called to his father to come to him. When the father Murray had entered the shop, the son said, "Well, father, we might as well go together," at the same time thrusting the lighted end of the cigar into the powder. The father immediately springing toward his son, he had just got inside of the bottle when a very excited look place, blowing out the ash, breaking the glass, and setting fire to the shop. The left thumb of the man was blown off, having ten stitches, it is supposed, by the steel clasp of the reticule; but he did not appear to have sustained any further injury from the explosion. The unfortunate man then took a pocket knife, which he plunged repeatedly in his breast, but without causing any very serious wounds. Not yet content with these efforts to destroy himself, Murray ran up stairs to a chest, from which he procured a sharp pencil, with which he inflicted a severe cut upon his left arm before he could be restrained. The injured man was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. His injuries are not more easily dangerous. The firemen proceeded to the spot and rapidly extinguished the flames. Grief for the loss of a brother is the supposed cause for this attempt to die.

Man Killing Himself on his Father's Grave.—On Tuesday of last week the body of Mr. Homer Schneck, of Fehill, N. Y., was found in the graveyard of the Reformed Dutch Church of that village, though then still alive, under the following singular and painful circumstances, as we learn from the Standard: A young man from Mattawana, being about that time near the yard, had the curiosity to visit the monument of the late Abraham Schneck, the father of the unfortunate person alluded to, for the purpose of setting in question which had recently risen among some of his friends, as to the age of that gentleman at his death. Upon approaching the monument, what must have been his surprise not only to hear the strange noise, as of one deeply asleep, but on drawing nearer to find the son weeping in his own blood, at the side of his father's tomb and his head reclining upon it, while it was literally covered with dried gore, and a considerable portion of the brain bespattered the monument.

He was a revolver, fully loaded and capped, one of the barrels only having been discharged, and from apperances he had evidently lain there for several hours. He had shot himself in the right temple, and the ball had passed out on the left side of the head, thus completely shattering the brain, and his eyes were much swollen and discolored. He was immediately taken up and removed to his place of residence. Mr. Schneck had long been subject to morbid ideas of mental aberration. He was at church on Sabbath morning evidently under great mental excitement, and was in the prayer when he left the church, having in the most respectful manner, as he said, entered the churchyard for the accomplishment of his purpose. He endeavored to induce a friend to accompany him, remarking that he might see some thing that he had never seen before. He was about fifty years of age, and a very interesting family, a wife and two children, a son and daughter, to mourn his untimely end.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The European news is to the 4th.

ENGLAND.

The Admiralty has authorized gratuities of 10s and 20s. to persons bringing a shipwreck, calver or seaman to the royal dockyard. The Times says that so far from the present gift of money here being an indicator of confidence, it is the strongest proof that could be afforded to the contrary.

Discount houses and joint stock banks are flooded with money simply because the tracers of the country distrust future local possibilities, and wish to deposit their resources so as to have them within call.

A cheque has been paid at the Bank of England from which all but the signature of the drawer was erased by a chemical process, and a larger sum substituted for the original amount.

The Committee of the City of London appointed to consider the best means of rearranging the city parishes, and consisting of the Rev. W. Scott, Mr. Stanning, Dr. Worthington and Rev. M. Gibbs, have made a report to the Bishop of London, in which they recommend the demolition of twenty churches, and the erection of churches in cloister walls and other densely populated quarters. Dr. Acton has addressed a letter to Dr. Tait in opposition to the plan.

The Stock Exchange dinner in aid of the fund for decayed members took place on June 1st, and £1,700 were collected. This amount included contributions from merchants and bankers unconnected with the establishment. The Newnenders Benevolent Institution kept its twenty first birthday at the Freemasons' Tavern. There are in London 600 newnenders and 2,000 old ones, but few subscribe to the society. For £d. a week a member receives £16 a year and after fifty years of age.

We hear of another separation, purely from "incompatibility," the husband being a little taller of some note, and the wife being a lady of remarkable beauty. The new serial, *Once a Weir*, rather states will be brought out with extraordinary éclat, as the editorial assistant of Mr. Lucas, whose reviews in the Times newspaper are so well known. Mr. Thackeray's powerful assistance has been secured for the princely remuneration of £2,500 per annum, and the illustrations will be confided to Messrs. J. E. Milne's, Tenniel and Leach, assisted by Mr. H. K. Browne, and the whole artistic staff of Punch. Variety will be counted both in the style and the contents of the new miscellany, which is to consist of original essays, tales and jests d'esprit.

A case of the importance of the alliance to Catholics and Protestants was under investigation in the Court of Queen's Bench, May 27th. We refer to the case of the Queen vs. the Rev. W. W. Roberts, in which Mr. McDonnell, a convert from the Catholic to the Protestant faith, seeks to recover the person of his child who, after he became a Protestant, continued to attend a Roman Catholic school, of which Mr. Roberts is the master, and when he sought to restrain her, she was, as he alleges, secured with the knowledge or connivance of the reverend gentleman. Four o'clock was taken with a view to compel Mr. Roberts to give up the child, or to make her attend her present residence. The judge, however, was not to be done, and yesterday Mr. Lusk prayed the judgment of the court to be postponed in disobeying the writ. Affidavits on both sides were read, Mr. Roberts declaring that the child was not in his custody, and that he did not know where she was. This explanation Lord Campbell and the Judges did not deem satisfactory, and they required him to order into his own recognition, with sureties to answer the charges that will be put to him.

The Daily News, of June 3, says that arrangements are in progress which will result in a union of the Episcopal and the Liberal parishes as a whole. In the great home and/or questions of neutrality and reform the present ministry have repeatedly, both in word and deed, followed convictions as a war which the nation has unanimously expected, and the Daily News says that they are prepared to do that in a few days the country will have a Government which, instead of trying to delude it by covert manifestations of anti-national sympathies and aims, will openly and honestly reflect the national will. The Times asks of the Liberal chiefs, if they are successful in their attempt to shape the Cabinet, whether they can reckon with certainty on a respectable majority in support of a vote of confidence, what they are prepared to do with the majority so obtained, and what they, in the event of their accepting office with such a Government as is likely to be composed under existing circumstances, they will have more vitality and buoyancy than they had a year ago, when they had twenty or thirty more supporters than now.

FRANCE.

The Signor Antonio had arrived from Naples for the purpose of notifying to the French Government the accession of Francis II. to the throne of Naples. It is asserted that he will go to London and return, for the purpose of making a similar announcement to the Court of St. James. The Italian cause is, it is said, very warm, the country offering more attractions. Hosts of Americans who have passed the winter at Paris are preparing either to re-cross the Atlantic or to attend themselves over such parts of Europe as are still open to pleasure travellers and tourists. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial have been forced to themselves into permanent summer quarters at St. Cloud. The day previous to her departure her Majesty made a appearance at the well known circus or hippodrome, kept by ex-convicts, in the Champs Elysées. The place is very much frequented by the people, especially on Sunday nights, and the visit was evidently intended to attract and feel the pulse of popular opinion. The experiment succeeded very well, for the Emperor was received with great demonstrations of loyalty and popularity. Louis Napoleon is said to have left behind him the most able instructions respecting everything that was to be done in his absence, written in what is magnificently designated as the "Great Book of the State."

AUSTRIA.

An official proclamation at Milan has admonished against agitation and the dissemination of disquieting reports.

RUSSIA.

We read in a letter from St. Petersburg: "It is said that Count Karby has brought an autograph letter from his sovereign to the Emperor. In the Emperor of Austria in the name of the Holy Alliance, it was not only the new ally, but even the ally of Russia, as a Christian he asks pardon of another Christian for his own actions. It is stated that Count Karby has found in his mission, and to the Emperor Alexander replies that he has long since pardoned that he can pardon as a Christian, but that, as Emperor of Russia and son of Nicholas I., he can forget nothing, least of all that the Pope of Russia has been unchangeable, and that she has always preserved her character for gratitude."

NAPLES.

A correspondent of the Paris, writing from Naples on the 24th, says: "The young King's first idea was to retire to Gaeta for a few days to indulge in grief. But this intention was strongly opposed, at a meeting of the Royal family, by the Prince of Syracuse, and it was decided that the new King and all the Court, in order to show their perfect union, should take up their residence in the Palace of Capod Monte. The Queen, however, at the earnest request of Francis II., has relinquished her intention of residing in the small royal residence of San Leucio, which had been prepared for her, at the ex-

travely of the park of Caserta. The King's death was not publicly announced in the capital till Monday morning, when a proclamation, signed Francis II., was posted before day light, and guarded at the corner of every street, for forty-eight hours, by a police officer and a gendarme. No change has been made in the persons about the royal family."

TURKEY.

Letters have been received from Constantinople to the 5th May. The Sultan has held a review of 25,000 soldiers, and the reserve will be immediately despatched to Rumia. The Porte will send ships and troops to Albania. 200 Servians, with artillery, have departed to reinforce the Montenegrins. Prince Milosch is very anxious, but the attitude of the Servians inspires fear. Letters also assert that the Porte is about to send four ships, four frigates and two vessels to the Adriatic, under the command of Mehmet Pasha, who, in certain emergencies, would exercise his command under the orders of an English admiral. Omar Pasha remains at Bagdad, being detained there in consequence of the threatening attitude of Persia.

INDIA AND CHINA MAILS.

The India has arrived at Southampton with a heavy portion of these mails. She left Alexandria on the 19th, Malta 23d and Gibraltar 29th. Her Majesty's steam yacht Osborne was to leave Gibraltar on the 29th with the French of Wales for Egypt, touching at Cadiz and Lisbon. Captain Goodall, R.E., committed suicide by taking poison under temporary insanity. At Gibraltar exchange on London was 20½ to ¼.

BUENOS AYRES.

By the arrival of bark Ann Elisabeth, from Rosario, we learn from Captain Norgrave, that when he passed Buenos Ayres May 1st, there was a continual firing of guns, and he supposed it to be a battle between the Paraguayans and the Buenos Ayreans, as when he left Rosario, a hint was given him to that effect. Captain Norgrave is undoubtedly wrong. The firing was probably caused by the Military Exercises of the National Guard, who, we learn from the T. Standard of April 9, were to have a field day at that time. There was no Paraguayan force anywhere near Buenos Ayres.

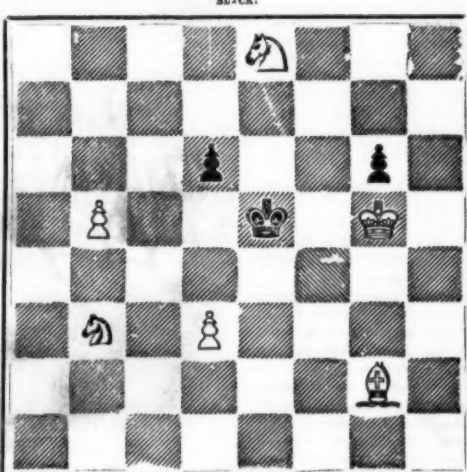
CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Freese, the Chess Editor, Box 2400, N. Y. P. O.

PAUL MORPHY.—Mr. Morphy visited the Brooklyn Chess Club on the 16th inst., spending the afternoon and evening, and dining with the Secretary in company with Messrs. Perrin, Marache, Knott, H. Ruer and Rice, members of the Brooklyn Chess Club. The afternoon was passed pleasantly in the exchange of individual courtesies with the members. In the evening Mr. Morphy played two games with Mr. Knott and one game with Mr. Marache, in all of which games he gave the large odds of the Queen's Knight, winning all in a drawing style. A very large and elegant company were present. Not less than five hundred Chess players and visitors attended during the day and evening. The game of the Club were elaborately and tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations. The telegraph Chess board and men provided for the occasion exceeded any thing in this style and heretofore produced, the board being about five feet square, inlaid and elegantly finished, and the Chess men in exact keeping with the board in every particular. A duplicate of the games played by Mr. Morphy was a record throughout on the large board by Mr. Marache and others. The occasion was one of the most highly interesting and rare, and will be long remembered by the members of the Club and visitors present.

CHESS MATCHES AND TOURNAMENTS.—The present state of the match between Messrs. Morphy and Thompson is, Morphy, 4; Thompson, 3, draws, 1. Mr. Morphy gives the very heavy odds of the Queen's Knight. The match at the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. Perrin and Marache stands, Perrin, 4; Marache, 2, draws, 1. The tournament is brought down to Messrs. Rice and Perrin, the score standing, 1; Perrin, 1, draw, 1. A match has been arranged between Mr. A. Thompson (brother to Mr. James Thompson), and Mr. Huer, the latter gentleman giving the odds of Pawn and move. Or it is hinted that a match will be arranged between Messrs. Morphy and Lehtentail, at the odds of Queen's Knight. Should this match be arranged it will, in our opinion, be the most even play ever engaged in by Mr. Morphy.

PROBLEM No. 230.—By JOHN TANNER, New Orleans. White to play and make in three moves.



(PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	10 Kt to K6	B to Kt
2 K to B3	P to Q3	20 Kt to B	P to K4
3 P to Q4	P to P3	21 Q to R6	K to Q3
4 Kt to P3	P to K3	22 Q to K6 (ch)	K to h5
5 Kt to B4	Q to B3	23 K to K5	K to B4
6 Q to K3	P to K3	24 Q to K6 (ch)	K to Kt
7 Castles	K to K3	25 Q to K6 (ch)	R to Kt
8 Q to B3	P to Q3	26 Q to R6	Q to Kt
9 K to Q5	Kt to Kt	27 K to R6	R to B4
10 P to K3 (ch)	Kt to K2	28 K to B6 (ch)	K to Kt
11 P to Kt3	B to Kt2	29 K to B6	K to B4
12 Kt to P3	P to K3	30 K to R6 (ch)	K to R4
13 Kt to Kt3	B to B3	31 R to K5	Q to K5
14 K to K2	B to B	32 Q to K6	R to Kt
15 R to B3	P to K3	33 P to K3	R to Kt
16 P to Q3	K to Kt2	34 P to R3	Q to K3
17 R to K2	P to Kt3	35 R to Kt (ch)	And Black resigns.
18 Kt to K4	R to B2		

(PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	8 Kt to K5	B to K3
2 K to B3	P to Q3	9 P to Q5	P to K3
3 P to Q4	Q to B3	10 Kt to B	P to Kt
4 B to Q3	K to B3	11 P to B	Kt to P

And White mates in three moves.

(ROY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAMER.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	11 B to Kt	P to B
2 K to B3	Q to B3	12 Q to B	Castles
3 B to K6	Q to B	13 Castles	P to B
4 P to Q3	B to B4	14 P to Q4	P to Kt
5 Kt to B3	K to K2	15 Kt to K4	Q to Kt
6 K to B5	Q to B3	16 Kt to B	B to K3
7 B to Q3	Q to K3	17 Kt to K4	P to K2
8 Q to B2	P to Q3	18 Kt to R4	K to K3
9 Kt to Q5	Kt to Kt	19 P to B3	R to R4
10 B to Kt	P to K3	20 P to P	

And White mates in two moves.

Just Retribution.—A lady in Paris whose cheeks were naturally red, jealous of the artificial cosmetics her many rivals used to compete with authentic colors, taught her King Charles agent to look the face of any woman who might be in his presence. The dog caused immense confusion among the painted beauties for a while, but one day he cleared the cheeks of a Marguerite Baronne, the principal ingredient of whose cosmetics was arsenic, and that finished him.



FRENCH SIEGE ARTILLERY CROSSING MONT CENIS

FRENCH TROOPS CROSSING MONT CENIS.

We gave last week an engraving of the French troops passing Mont Cenis, and we this week give three more illustrations representing the same scenes.

The passage of the main body occupied several days, and the way has been completely blocked up by artillery, commissariat and baggage trains, drawn by oxen, mules and horses, and guarded by a force told off for this especial service.

Sixty thousand troops have already passed, and to feed this number of men, an immense quantity of provisions must be transported over the same route.

The progress of the artillery is necessarily slow, and at particularly steep portions of the road, the whole strength of the escort is needed, to get the guns along over the loose masses of granite that lie scattered about upon the route.

Much of this difficulty is, perhaps, owing to the horses, which are said to be deficient in the weight and strength necessary for the transportation of artillery over heavy roads.

The field artillery is very light; nearly all the guns are brass, and rifled after the new plan, which has been made such a tremendous secret.

With regard to the slowness of the artillery, we must make an exception in favor of that attached to General Vinoy's division, which only consumed nine hours in making the entire passage.

THE FRENCH TROOPS PASSING THROUGH TURIN.

EVERY successive steamer from Europe confirms the accounts that have been current of the enthusiastic reception of the French

soldiery by the population of Italy. During their stay in Turin, French and Sardinian soldiers might have been seen patrolling the streets arm-in-arm and singing martial songs in chorus.

The cafés were filled with soldiers partaking of the eagerly offered hospitalities of the Turinese. Perhaps it was fortunate for

SURPRISE OF THE AUSTRIANS BY BERSAGLIERI AND TENTH PIEDMONTESE INFANTRY.

On Saturday, the 25th of May last, it was decided by the Sardinian commanders to attempt a surprise of the Austrian rear guard, who were encamped on the opposite bank of the river Sesia.

Accordingly a large body of Bersaglieri riflemen, with a detachment of the 10th Piedmontese infantry, were told off and posted in a hollow formed by the rising bank of the river, which at this point is fordable.

After a slight reconnaissance had been made under cover of some trees, the troops rushed over the bank, with the exception of a portion of the Bersaglieri, detailed as skirmishers, who spread out, occupying every point of vantage, and commenced a rapid fire from their rifles, under cover of which the main body forded the river.

The Austrians made no stand, but retreated through the thick belt of plantation which bordered the left bank of the river; the *coup de main* was perfectly successful, a considerable amount of baggage as well as some prisoners falling into the hands of the Sardinians, who were enabled to make good their position on the left bank until reinforcements arrived.

The Austrians were completely taken by surprise, and were cooking their dinners when their ears were greeted by the crack of the Piedmontese rifles, which relieved many poor fellows from any further necessity for dinner, or indeed any other meal.

An attempt was also made to cross the Sesia higher up, which was also crowned with success.

The Austrians engaged in both affairs were portions of the rear guard of the troops who had occupied Vercelli.

The King of Sardinia passed the night at Torriane, amongst the encamped troops.

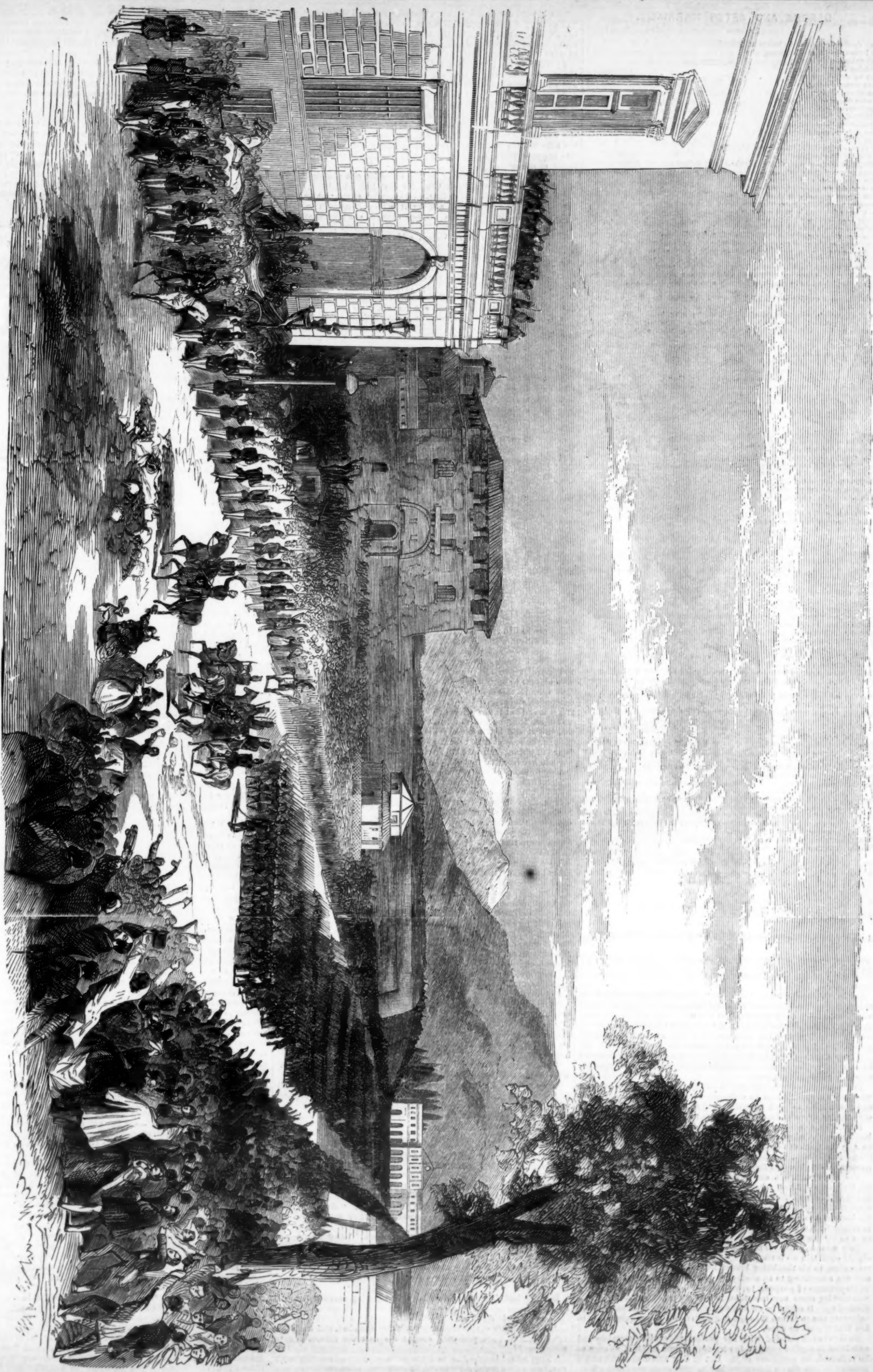


FRENCH COMMISSARIAT WAGONS CROSSING MONT CENIS.

these latter gentlemen that the French only stayed one night in the city, for they were in great favor with the fair signoras, and a close observer might frequently have observed a little hand and lip pantomime.



FRENCH FIELD-GUNS CROSSING MONT CENIS.



THE WAR IN ITALY—FRENCH TROOPS PASSING THROUGH TURIN ON THEIR WAY TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Before.

How do the Gentlemen do before marriage?

Oh! then they are sitting,
Softly conversing, chatting,
Praising each other's wit,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Agreeable feeding,
If your finger chafes, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
"My love," "my darling,"
"Patsy," "wee-wee,"
Now sighing, now teasing,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of Chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cushions, shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples—Gros de Naples,
Sweet pretty "kisses,"—only pet puggies;
Now with an ear ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sev'ns*,
Now fingers squeaking or playfully teasing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces,
Never once heeding what they were reading,
But solving one's brain by pressing one's to it;
Or else on parlors, and nice and jolons of all the fellows—
Darting those glances if ever one dances with a son of France's;
Or flinging great faults, and threatening assaults whenever you "fall";
Or fanning and fanning enough for a dozen if you run p with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin money;
Liking one's at Twickenham, off lovely cold chickens, hem and champagne
for quinine one;
Detecting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men
talking;
Think you still in your teens, won't let you eat "greens," and baste Crittall's;
Or having excesses, if you curl your back treasors, or wear low neck'd dresses;
Or when on the river almost sure to disavow that it beats all to shiver the
sweet Grosgrain's;
Or seeing death-fishes if the toothache one catches, making picturesque
sketches of the house of wretches;
Or with a d-d-d-d-d knock bring from E'er's a box, to see "Box and Cox,"
or plier one's legs to mark their new rocks;
Or, whilst you are playing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swing-
ing, or in serpentine springing, unless to the clinging you'll go wedding-
ringing, and for life wear their lichen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on before marriage.

After.

How do the Gentlemen do after marriage?

Oh, then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teases 'em;
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a "fool," not a "daring";
Though they're rich as the fabled,
They're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is so funny,
They're never got money;
Only ask them for any
And they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds,
On themselves "hey!" spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch,
Off real turtle and caviar;
Each week a note brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now howling in mockery now smashing the cookery;
Feeling and swearing, their bad heads teaking;
Storming and raging past all availing;
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the poor slave to, to be called simple "Ma'am," too—
I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve "Madam"?
As a matter of course they have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends;
Allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maid—the old one—can do nothing wrong;
"Every shirt wants a button!" Every day they're cold mutton;
They're always a harrying one, or else they're a harrying one, or else they're
a worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother, or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your straggling and stewing; why "the house is
in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken
to drinking;
They're perpetual rows keeping, 'cause out of the housekeeping they're in
bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they're been treated, if with pies they're not treated, they vow that
they're chafed;
Then against each other, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Bradstair's go down, though with bile
you're quite brown;
For their wife they're unwilling, after cooing and billing her, to stand a cap
from a milliner—then a paltry twelve shilling;
And it gives the n the vapors to witness the capers of those bowlers and scapers,
the young lice—drappers;
Then to add to our woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but
they pay the ough the pose for the dear old linen clothes;
Though you strive and endeavor, they're so mighty clever, that please them
you'll never see 'em leave them for ever—yes! the hundredth time over
—for ever—AND EVER!!
Now, the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on after marriage.

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flover of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ELEONOR VERNER PREACHES A HOMILY TO ADA.

ELEONOR VERNER, after her interview with Cecil, retired to her own room.

She sought the immunity from interruption which she could there enjoy, in order to think over what had taken place at her interview with Cecil, and to congratulate herself upon having had the courage, the firmness and decision to play the part of a friend in a matter so closely identified with the interests of a very amiable and worthy young man, who really was very, very handsome, too. Heigho! He certainly was very good looking; and when she examined the claims he had to her favor, his personal merits were by no means overlooked, although not acknowledged.

Yes, she decidedly felt animated by the most friendly intentions when she counselled him to entertain no designs upon Ada's heart and hand. She assured herself that if he persisted in that pursuit only misery to himself and unhappiness to Ada could be the result.

It was so fortunate that she should have been a witness to the incident of the morning; it gave her such an opportunity of proving to Ada the truth of her love for her, and to Cecil the sincerity of her friendship for him, because she really desired him to think she was possessed with the best feelings in his favor.

Yes, upon reflection, she was pleased with the result, so far, of the bold step she had taken, and she believed that Cecil, when he had thought the affair over, would be equally gratified. One thing, however, made her feel a little uneasy: Cecil had still in his possession the lock of Ada's hair, and now he had, by her permission, the right to retain it; more even than that, her consent that he should wear it next to his heart.

This was a grave consideration. If Cecil, under her counsel, should entertain no loving thoughts towards Ada and yet wear her tress close to his throbbing breast, he would be guilty of an inconsistency amounting to an absurdity. Besides, it would be dangerous to his firmness of purpose to wear it at which, put it in any shape, was nothing more nor less than a love token. That tress must be yielded up. It might be an unpleasant task to ask it—a painful and reluctant one to return it to the fair owner, but it was quite clear to her that it must be done.

So far she felt satisfied with her performance. She certainly had exhibited to Cecil a proof of her friendship, and he must, as soon as he reflected, be conscious of it. But having acted in so friendly a manner to him, surely it became her to give some convincing testimony to Ada of the love she bore her.

How should she do this? Why, by setting the part of a true friend. "Friendship is love without his wings," observes a well-known poet, somewhat enigmatically, by the way. Eleonor, however felt that disinterested friendship is akin to love, and therefore it was her duty to warn Ada against Cecil.

And to warn her at once before more mischief was done. Yes, she resolved instantly to seek her out, and speak to her like a fond and affectionate sister; to show her that she was standing on the edge of a precipice, and to caution her of the misery she might inflict upon Cecil by raising up in his bosom a hopeless passion which could never be reciprocated.

She believed that she had considerable influence over her cousin, she was aware that this influence was in no small degree created by the affection she had always tendered her, and she thought now that this acquired power would enable her to induce Ada to do, if not to think, as she wished her.

A proof of her success would be the extortion of a promise from her cousin that she would ask Cecil for that love-lock back, or, if she found herself not equal to that, the delegation of the task to her. She felt that she could herself ask for it without compunction and receive it with triumph. Yes, strange enough, she tried to substitute another word for that, when it suggested itself to her, but she could not select one more fitting, and the emotion she felt as mentally she saw Cecil handing over the tress to her, was of a character so exulting that the word might well remain.

She gazed out into the garden, she saw Cecil and Lacy walking together slowly, and evidently deeply engaged in conversation. She smiled as her eye fell on Lacy Verner, and a brilliant gleam shot from it as a thought passed through her mind. Lacy had fallen passionately in love with her, and she knew it.

It does not take a woman long to discover that her beauty has enslaved an admirer. Unfortunately, it too frequently occurs that the pretty girl-kind of women accept as love that which is but admiration; but when a youth is fairly, legitimately, inextricably hooked, she who has struck the fish must indeed be unlike her sex if she remains unconscious of her success.

Eleonor was only too quick in her conceptions, and in her judgments she was one of that description of her sex who see a little too far, who, according to their own showing, "see through" things which are not at all transparent. Cause and effect were to her as electric telegraph stations are to each other, communication between both being instantaneous.

She could solve a problem without troubling herself to work it—that is to say, she would supply the solution, and insist upon it she was right, whether she was or not. It was not exactly jumping to a conclusion, it was flying at it. Hence her conduct in reference to Cecil.

The expression of Lacy's eyes, the tenderness of his tones, the modest and quiet humility with which he addressed her very shortly after their first interview, told Eleonor what had happened to Lacy. She had no thought of responding to this suddenly created passion, she only considered that out of his fondness she could make him her puppet, and he might be useful when played off against another.

This is a very dangerous amusement for young ladies to play, especially to one who don't quite know their own mind. A young girl, with all youth's freshness and generosity glowing in her nature, is not the creature to be altogether inensible to the loving worship of one who has conceived a passion for her, even though she may not at first reciprocate it. Now, if when knowing the state of his feelings for her, she elicits him as the individual to play off against some good-looking fish, who, though nibbling, has not taken the hook, she has to remember that she must herself dissimulate, pretend an affection she does not feel, and give to him the preference to which she does not think him entitled. Having done all this, she has still a difficult game to play. She has to entice one who objects to the preference already shown, and to keep in bonds the other who objects to her throwing out bait to any fish at all save himself. How does all this end? Suppose she is, according to her own view, successful, she discards the man who first, and almost to a certainty, really loved her; she wins the object she aimed at, to find, after marriage, that he has not forgotten, and does not, and will not forget that she had a former lover, for whom he will not believe, though she may ever so ardently assert it, that she does not retain a latent affection. Occasionally, too, she will find herself dropping hints to her husband that he, the unsuccessful, did appreciate her, that he would not have treated her as she did, to her sorrow, now she is treated, and, perhaps, finding, to her dismay, that her husband, with even a little too much *opinion*, echoes her regret.

It is all very well to say that no high-spirited man, nor true-hearted woman, would thus upbraid each other; but, as Sam Slick observes, "human nature is human nature."

Should the young lady prove unsuccessful in her play, the consequences are more disastrous, for the jilt becomes the jilted. Young ladies, make a note of this!

Eleonor, far-sighted and acute in her penetration, as she believed herself to be, did not see thus far; so far in fact as she should have done. She could, like too many of her sex, reach the realization of her first purpose, without proceeding to examine what might be the consequences of her success.

After watching Cecil and Lacy for a few minutes, until indeed a group of trees hid them from her sight, she made her way to Ada's boudoir.

Ada was seated by the window, gazing out into the open space. No matter what her eyes rested on, her mind did not dwell there.

The noise of the opening door aroused her; she turned her face to Eleonor, and the latter perceived that her eyelashes were bedewed with tears, which still glittered and trembled on them.

She seated herself by her side, and wound her arms about her.

"In tears, Ada dearest!" she exclaimed. "Why, what has happened to make you weep? The post has not brought you unelcome tidings from your father, I hope. O these stupid mysteries that our venerated p-p-pas are mixed up with! What a pity it is they do not transfer them to some one else, and live here quietly and happily!"

"I have not heard from my father this morning," returned Ada, with downcast eyes.

"You are not so restless and so foolish as to weep about that. It is no more than you might expect, dear Ada," observed Eleonor, reading her features with a searching gaze.

"Not oh, no! it is not that, Nell," she answered, in a low soft tone.

"Then what, in the name of mercy, makes you so dull?" inquired Eleonor.

"I am not dull," said Ada, with a quiet smile; "on the contrary, I am rather happy than otherwise. You know, Nell, we may weep with excess of happiness as from overwrought sadness."

"True," replied Eleonor, gazing steadily at her; "but then that excess of happiness rarely arises but from one cause."

"One cause," echoed Ada, a little abstractedly. "What is that?"

"Love!" responded Eleonor, emphatically, her bright eye fastened upon Ada's.

A rosy flush passed over her face and neck. The fixed gaze of Eleonor confused her; she turned her eyes away, and looked out of the window. She tried to smile, but it faded from her lips. She turned as pale as she had previously been flushed, and then murmured in a low trembling tone—

"Love."

Eleonor laid her hand upon hers, and gazing earnestly at her, said,

"Love, Ada! Am I not right?"

Ada turned her eyes almost reproachfully upon her, and said, "Why, Nell, have you only sought me to tease me—to vex, to wound me?"

"Nay, Ada, I sought you to have some really serious talk with you," answered Eleonor; "to confer with you, advise with you as a sister and a friend."

"To do what?" inquired Ada, with a look of alarm.

Eleonor repeated her words.

"I do not, I confess, comprehend you," exclaimed Ada, with an amazed look. "What have I done that I should require the advice of a friend and sister?"

"I am about to tell you," retorted Eleonor, still speaking in a marked tone, "to open your eyes if they are not opened by what I have already said, and to point out to you into what danger and possibly sorrow your own guileless, unreflecting innocence may lead you."

Ada laughed at this.

"Really, Nell," she said, "you treat me as you used to treat your doll; you kiss me, scold me, talk to me, reprove me, embrace me, and bid me stand in the corner, all in one breath. This was all very well in earlier days; but now I must say it is a little out of place, and my guileless innocence begs very respectfully and tenderly to object to it."

Although this was said playfully, yet Eleonor could perceive that Ada really meant what she said. She was not, however, to be deterred, and she proceeded in the same strain.

"I am about, Ada, to exercise that right which friendship, no less than love, and relationship as both gives me, to offer you counsel, when I see you about to take a wrong step."

"Eleonor!" ejaculated Ada, with dignity. "A wrong step! You forget yourself!"

"No," said Eleonor rising as Ada rose, "indeed I do not. Mr. Cecil Wykeham, this—"

Ada drew herself up proudly, and though her heart was almost bursting with the emotion which the sudden use of this name created, she exclaimed in a clear and distinct voice—

"Eleonor, once already you have deeply wounded me, in reference to Mr. Wykeham; I request—nay, I insist—that you do not again recur to the subject."

"But it is important both to you and to him that I should," persisted Eleonor.

"You will compel me, in that case, to leave you to enjoy your own company in my chamber," returned Ada, moving towards the door.

Eleonor caught her by the wrist.

"Stay," she said, you must hear me."

Ada struggled to release herself.

"Miss Verner," she said coldly, yet evidently in anger, "you add rudeness to your unkindness."

"Ada!" cried Eleonor, bursting into a passionate fit of tears, and releasing her hand, "do I not love you? Have I not loved you dearly from childhood? What—what, Ada, should I say to you that a deep, sincere and tender love for you would not dictate?"

Ada instantly became motionless. She remained silent. Then, as Eleonor turned her head away, sobbing violently, Ada twined her arms about her neck, and kissing her, said,

"I know you love me, Nell. Say what you will, I will be patient, and listen in silence."

Eleonor pressed her ardently to her bosom, and kissed her again and again. Her impulse was to abandon the intention she had formed, and to let matters take their course; and so she said to Ada—

"We will leave your room, and sit still in the garden, Ada."

"But what I had you to say to me, Nell?" interrogated Ada.

"I will not say it now—let it pass," she returned; "it is for the best that it should be so."

"Nay, now you make me curious, Nell," said Ada, playfully. "I wish now to know what you intended so gravely to advise with me about?"

"It will be better to leave it unsaid," returned Eleonor, thoughtfully.

"And make me, Nell—daughter of Eve as I am—wonder, and cogitate, and speculate, until, having imagined a thousand most disagreeable and foolish things, I discover at last that I have never been near the truth," observed Ada, smiling.

"Do you truly and sincerely wish me to speak as I intended on entering your chamber?" asked Eleonor, seriously.

"In truth and sincerity I do," responded Ada, not dreaming what was about to follow. "You mentioned the name of Mr. Wykeham—poor Mr. Wykeham!—who looked as hot and embarrassed when you flung to him my poor ringlet!"

"It is of that I would speak," quickly interposed Eleonor.

"I surmised as much," returned Ada. "You wish me to entrust you with the mission to demand it of him?"

"No," returned Eleonor, "I would have you do that yourself, Ada."

"Who? I, Eleonor!" replied Ada quickly, and then she slowly shook her head.

"I was an unintentional witness of what transpired this morning, in the alcove at the end of the garden, between you and Mr. Wykeham," quietly responded Eleonor. "You will see, therefore, that I should hardly request your permission to ask of him that which you gave to him to wear nearest to his heart."

Ada gazed upon her in intense amazement. She stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then she tottered to a seat, and sinking into it, buried her face in her hands.

Eleonor approached her, and kneeling down by her side, placed her arm tenderly round her neck, and said in a low soft, kind tone—

"Do not take this matter to heart, dear Ada, for there is little harm done—nothing but what can be easily and effectually remedied. It is not, in fact, of what has passed that I came to counsel with you, but rather what might come to pass, springing out of the events which transpired this morning."

Ada still remained silent, when Eleonor paused. She waited for a moment, and then proceeded

"Let us examine our position, Ada," she continued, "and we shall soon come to a right conclusion as to what path is henceforth to be taken. Circumstances of an extraordinary nature have introduced to you Mr. Cecil Wykeham; additional events have brought him also to be little else than a constant inmate of the same residence with you, wherever that may happen to be. He is a young gentleman possessed of many merits to command him to a woman's favor; and therefore, to say the least of it, his society is dangerous to one of our sex, free of engagement, and possessing a heart and mind capable of appreciating his good qualities. You already esteem him, Ada—even I—her voice trembled, and it seemed as though a dart had passed through her heart, she experienced at the moment a pang so acute but in an instant she recovered herself. "Even I like him," she continued; "but there must our good feelings towards him pause. He is with your father in a certain capacity, and even the warm gratitude which I am sure Mr. Leigh entertains for the service he has rendered him will not induce him to shut his eyes to the fact that his secretary is no mate for his daughter."

"Oh, Nell!" ejaculated Ada, in such a tone of anguish that Eleonor could not prevent the tears springing up into her eyes. Yet she resolutely adhered to the task she had undertaken.

"I do not for an instant, Ada, presume that you looked in such a sphere to find the man who should win and proudly wear you," she continued; "but oh, Ada, dearest, your amiable nature, your sweetness of manner, may make that secretary cast his eyes in love upon his employer's daughter."

She paused to watch the effect her observations had upon her cousin, and she saw enough to assure her that her homily had not been commenced one moment too soon.

"You—I—both are aware, that whatever might be our wishes, supposing the case to be that of either of us, neither your father nor mine would for an instant countenance such a union. So, Ada, dearest, would it not be just that Mr. Wykeham should be made to understand that? Would it not be true to win his heart only to break it?"

"Oh, Nell! Nell! do not wring my heart so!" cried Ada, clasping her hands together.

"I would not for worlds, Ada, fix you with a supposition that you would do this intentionally," returned Eleanor, energetically. "I only, from what I know of you, what I have also seen, fear that Mr. Wykeham, already deeply admiring your dear, sweet face, may, by your manner towards him, believe that your heart is a prize not absolutely beyond his reach. If no step be now taken, he will go on, little by little, hoping, dreaming, loving, until at last he will be aroused to the terrible fact that he loves in vain; and for the rest of his life there will be nothing left to him but a deep, corroding sorrow, a black, hopeless despair."

"It shall not be," said Ada, clasping her hands together; "I would die sooner than he should so suffer through me. Oh, Nell, Nell! what is to be done? think for me—act for me! Oh, Heaven! I would I had been dead ere this had happened!"

"Nay, Ada, you are too excited in the matter," said Eleanor, gently. "Fortunately, nothing yet has occurred which may not be checked. You have but to act so that he shall see, while you esteem and respect him, your sentiments in his favor end there. Treat him henceforward, Ada, as you would one whom you could look on as a friend but never as a lover. The interval is so wide that any man can detect it at a glance, and the knowledge that this gulf exists settles his pretensions for ever."

"But the lock of hair," murmured Ada, trembling violently. "Let it remain where it is, save only that Mr. Wykeham must understand that no love clings to the gift," returned Eleanor; then she added, thoughtfully, "if you will leave it to me, Ada, I will either divest it while in his possession of any sentiment, or obtain it myself from him and restore it to you."

"Nell—Nell, you have not—you cannot have more to say to me respecting this subject," exclaimed Ada, in a low whisper.

"I think it is needless to add another word to pain you or myself," replied Eleanor readily.

"Then I pray you, dear Nell, to leave me; I implore—entreat you to do so at once," exclaimed Ada, with intense earnestness.

Eleanor arose, and kissing her cheek, said, in a tender voice, "My task is ended, dear Ada. I have suffered no less than you while it was being fulfilled; and now dismiss it, as I shall, from your mind for ever."

So saying, she slowly left the room.

When she had departed Ada sank on her knees, buried her face upon the cushion of her chair, and sobbed almost frantically.

"Oh, Heaven support me!" she ejaculated, in wild grief; "sustain me through the bitter future, for now I know that I love him."

The thought seemed to convulse her, and so intense was her emotion that nature gave way, and she sunk upon the ground in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE TWO ALTERNATIVES.

A NATURAL emotion of terror would have caused Lucy, or any other of her sex, to scream when she found herself suddenly clasped in the arms of a man, in such a place and at such a time as when Jasper Olive seized Lucy in the garden.

Jasper entertained some such notion; for when he caught Lucy in his embrace, he placed, at the same time, his large coarse hand over her mouth, to prevent any cries for help she might make being heard.

"Be not alarmed," he exclaimed in a low guttural whisper. "I am a friend."

She struggled violently to release herself; but he held her firmly.

"Be calm; be silent; and listen to me," he said in the same tones in her ear. "I am Jasper Olive. I have no design to harm you; but you must and shall hear me."

Still she exerted her utmost strength to liberate herself from his grasp, but in vain.

"You compel me to use a violence I am anxious to avoid," muttered Jasper. "I will release you instantly, if you will but promise me that you will quietly give me the opportunity of making an appeal to you which, I give you my word, shall be the last if you reject it. But, if you persist in striving to break from me, and obstinately refuse to hear me, I swear I will carry you hence to a place where you will be forced to listen to what I wish to say to you, and where you may afterwards bitterly repent that you did not grant me the request I now make."

Still Lucy strove to wrest herself out of his clutches; but he held her as if she were in a vice.

"Your mother's fate, no less than your own, is involved, Lucy, in your present conduct," he growled through his teeth; "continue refractory, and she shall be made to suffer yet more than she has yet done. I have the power to do this; a power you do not dream of. I will exert that power to the utmost, and without mercy."

He withdrew his arm from about her, and as he did so he said, "Now raise an alarm at your peril. Your safety lies in listening attentively to me; and your happiness, as you shall decide on what I have to propose to you."

Lucy trembled violently.

"Mr. Olive," she said, in a quivering voice, "your conduct is most extraordinary and most terrifying to me. I cannot listen to you here; this is not a proper place. Wit in the house, and in my mother's presence, I will hear any communication; but—"

"Not here," he interrupted with a low sardonic laugh. "You are right; this is not the place. We may be overheard; but the garden gate is open, and down the road there is a nook, shadowed by a group of trees—"

"Oh, no—no, no," cried Lucy, shrinking back; "not for the world. Not for—"

"A mother's life," he said, in a low, harsh, emphatic tone, clutching her at the same moment by the wrist; "I have told you already that upon you rests her doom. Come, follow me to the spot I have named; fear not that I shall harm you; for my love is too deep, too passionate, to permit me to injure you. You may trust yourself with me, but you may not trust yourself to refuse me. Come!"

Poor Lucy was terrified. She knew not what to do; the manner in which he had alluded to her mother's frightful fate beyond measure. The savage violence of his tone, the fearful gleam which shot from his eyes as he uttered his threats, made her fear and believe that he would fulfil his menaces if she refused to hear what he had to say. She dreaded to make any attempt at flight, or to raise an alarm for the same reason; and when he again, in a low peremptory tone, bade her follow him, she muttered a prayer to Heaven to protect her, and said:

"I cannot conceive what more you can have to say, Mr. Olive, than you have already said."

"Will you come where I have named?" interrupted Jasper sternly; "or will you draw down perdition on your mother? Decide. You can return to the house if you will; but it will be out of your own selfishness to bring desolation and death upon a parent who would, if it were necessary, cheerfully lay down her life to save and serve you."

"Lead on, Mr. Olive; I will follow you," murmured Lucy, in a low trembling voice. "For my mother's sake I do this; and though I feel and see that I am culpable in consenting, yet I will hear you."

Without releasing her, he made, with rapid strides, to the garden gate, which, as he had said, was open, and passed with his captive out into the lane, along which he paced with such hurried steps that Lucy could scarcely keep pace with him.

At length he reached an angle of the road, where, as he had stated, there stood a cluster of some seven or eight trees; they were of some considerable girth, and the branches and leaves were interlaced above, so as to form a kind of natural roof through which the beams of the moon could not penetrate, and the leafy mass in consequence cast a wide deep shadow.

Into this obscurity Jasper led the shrinking Lucy; and when in

its darkest part, he removed his tight grasp from her wrist; but not until then.

Poor Lucy! she was ready to faint with terror and intense repugnance at her situation; but there was something so fiendish in Jasper's looks and in the sound of his voice, that she did not doubt for an instant he would perpetrate any crime against her mother's life, should she hang back now, and so she tried her utmost to retain her senses and her strength.

Jasper Olive pressed his hand over his eyes for a moment, and a convulsive spasm ran through his frame. Only by a desperate effort of self-control, he was able to master his emotion, so as to speak with apparent calmness and distinctness. At first he commenced in low and husky tones; but as he went on, his ardor and fervor rendered his voice only too clear and emphatic.

"Lucy," he said, "it is not merely to tell you that I love you and desire to wed you, that I have asked you to accompany me here; I have already confessed my passion for you, and have asked your hand. Had it been needful to repeat so much, it could have been done within the house and before your mother. It is not that, although what I have to say is in close connection with it. Lucy, I love you passionately, I would marry you, and I have proposed to do so. I have not been rejected either by you or your mother—"

"Mr. Olive," interposed Lucy, quickly.

"Hear me!" he said, sternly. "I say I have not been rejected by either of you. Now, Lucy, before you say the words which will consign me to a life of incurable torment and despair, let me paint to you a picture of what you have occasioned, and then, if you can, coldly and heartlessly refuse to make the only reparation in your power. I have for years lived, as it were, alone in the world. Those I had known in childhood, I knew only to hate; the persons with whom I have since associated, have been individuals whose living and whose wealth, in fact, have been wrung out of the misery and the necessities of their fellow-creatures. In your mother's house I lived alone. But if living thus, I had none to love, and was beloved by none, I was yet comparatively happy; for my heart was enlisted in nothing but my profession, and I was prosperous; I was working to accumulate riches, and wealth was flowing in upon me."

"One day I saw your upturned face in the glory of a golden sunlight; your clear, lucid, soulless eyes bent on mine. Oh, Lucy, Lucy, from that moment all peace, all calm, all interest in that which had made me more than contented—even happiness fled. I found my rooms, before quiet and desirable from their very solitariness, now worse than cells. To be alone had been my pleasure, it had now become my torment; for in the shadows, in every space and nook and corner, upon the ceiling—wherever my eye turned, I saw only your face. At night upon my bed, I tossed in feverish discomfort. I could not sleep for sighs, for groans, for a strange depressing melancholy which seemed to be a phase of approaching madness. At first, I knew not why or wherefore I was thus haunted, thus wretched; at length, the terrible secret revealed itself to me; I knew why my rooms now seemed to me to be so desolate and dull, why I pined the night through, why I hung about the house ere I could leave in the morning, why I was so eager to get back in the evening. It was love; a first passionate, devoted, maddening love—"

"Oh, Mr. Olive, pray, pray spare me this recital," interrupted Lucy in faltering tones. "You distress me, sir, deeply; indeed you do: for mercy sake, let me depart."

"No!" he replied, in a harsh tone. "No, for now you have to learn what attended the discovery of that love. It would be nothing to say that you had raised up love in my bosom, any man might say that; for your almost more than mortal beauty would summon it, if man with eyes to see and taste to appreciate it, gazed once upon your face; and his claim to your hand, in that case, would be as good as mine. It was not, girl, that you brought love into my heart, but you brought crime also—"

"Crime, Mr. Olive!" faintly echoed Lucy.

"Crime," he iterated bitterly. "I found that I loved you: at first I tried to doubt it; then, when disbelief became a mockery, I strove to dismiss it—to drive it out of my soul, and let money-getting occupy once more the throne from whence it had been displaced. Alas! all such efforts were futile and effectual, and then began to dawn upon me the question, what claims of person, of mind, of disposition, I possessed with which to win you? The response was heart-sickening: Nature had not favored me; and I lacked all those pleasing ways and loving, though trifling, arts by which a maiden's fancy is fascinated. There was an alternative—the power to win, or by fear—and I seized it. To obtain that power it was needful to wade through crime. I have done so; and though I am now amenable to the laws of the land, and am liable to suffer a life-long punishment, yet I have the power, and will wield it without mercy if you so bid me. The secret of my misdoing is my own; at least, years must elapse before it is discovered, if it should ever be discovered at all; but the ability to wield the power I have named, is mine now. It involves your happiness and your mother's life. I do not threaten murder, that would be absurd; it could be concealed but for a short period; detection and punishment would follow on each other's heels—but there is such a way of taking life, that murder would be a happiness to it! What if every moment of your mother's life were to be embittered? What if you were to become a loathful thing in her sight? What if she were to shrink from you as a creature contaminated and polluted? What if she were made hourly to weep bitter scalding tears in shame and agony on your account; to wring her hands in anguish that you were ever at home, to curse—"

Lucy shrieked.

"Have mercy!" she cried. "Do not, Mr. Olive, conjure up such frightful images; anything so dreadful could never come to pass."

"There you err," he answered, emphatically. "I have the power to make it come to pass—to enclose her within a prison's walls, in spite of all Captain Cross-jack or his lawyers can do; and to pour into her ears such venomous insinuations and stories in reference to you, that she shall die of a broken heart."

"Heaven would not permit such wickedness to triumph," said Lucy, with earnestness.

"There is no desire that such wickedness should triumph," returned Jasper. "You, and you only, will set it in operation. Mark me, Lucy, for I have little more to say, the proposition I have now to put to you is this: I offer to you a heart burning with adoration of you, with worship, with a devotion that can never, never change, with it my hand and fortune. We will leave England for some fair spot abroad; your mother shall accompany us, and it may be your delight to render the remainder of her days as peaceful and contented as it will be mine to make yours one entire round of felicity. How say you? Does the proposition meet with your favor?"

"Mr. Olive, I beg of you to put to me no such propositions," exclaimed Lucy, distrustfully. "They pain—wound me. I do not wish to listen to observations I have not been accustomed to—"

"Pshaw! Lucy Alabaster. This is not a moment for the display of pretty maiden coyness," interrupted Jasper, almost roughly. "We are now engaged upon stern realities; nothing but decision will avail you now. This night—this moment, I must have your answer. I ask but yes or nay. Before you utter either word understand me, that I will not part from you, but by the surrender of my life. Now be your decision in the affirmative. I will devote my existence to you; if it is in the power of man, to make earth a Paradise to woman, I will do my utmost that it shall be so to you, and to her whom living you love the dearest; but determine to reject me, and worse horrors and torments than I have depicted to you shall await you and your mother. Say, what is your answer?"

"You terrify me beyond expression," exclaimed Lucy tearfully. "You pretend to offer me a choice; but it is no choice, it is to determine between one of two alternatives."

"Two alternatives," echoed Jasper.

"You have said, that if I accept the offer of your hand, you would strive to make my life happy," she returned.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what man's worship could do to insure it, should be accomplished by me," he answered passionately.

"But, sir, it would not be possible for you to accomplish it," she answered.

"Not possible," he iterated.

"No," she answered earnestly; "for were I to wed where I loved not my life would be one continued unhappiness."

"You do not know what may be effected by unremitting acts of loving kindness," he interposed eagerly.

Lucy raised her eyes heavenward. The sky, clear, calm, serene, was flooded with silvery moonlight. The aspect presented something so grand, so sublime, so infinite, so marvellously illustrative of the wondrous powers of the Almighty, that when she turned her eyes again to Jasper Olive, her heart seemed to fill with courage. She could not believe that the Power Immense, who, she had been taught to believe, did not permit the fall of a sparrow unmarked, would suffer this man, this speck, when he attempted opposition to His will, to work out, unchecked, his evil plans against the peace of her mother and herself. She, therefore, out of this sudden impression, created, as it almost appeared, by Divine interposition, determined to rely on Heaven's grace and power to thwart the man's evil designs. She had faced him before this in a cowering, trembling attitude; she now presented a firm and more assured appearance, and said in a clearer and steadier voice:

"Mr. Olive, you would have me think that you love me."

"I have tried to make you believe it; I shall succeed before I have ended with you, I have no doubt," he replied.

"Not by your present course of proceeding," responded Lucy.

"If I understand love aright, it is heart worship."

"Even so," he ejaculated.

"Mr. Olive, you have asked me for my answer to your proposition," said Lucy with a sudden decision of tone, which struck Jasper instantly.

"I have," he said, with knitted brows. "I await it."

"My mother is within the house, Captain Cross-jack is there also; before them make your proposition, before them I will give to you a decisive and final answer."

She turned and hastened from the place. She heard him in a low savage tone exclaim:

"No, here shall the answer be given; here if you refuse me, shall you know to what lengths my desperation will urge me."

He clutched at her, but he missed her, and she fled with the speed of the wind. He was, however, swifter of foot than she, and quickly passed before her and spread out his arms to capture her; but she evaded him, and in her fright ran back. Again he doubled her, and then once more she turned and ran shrieking towards the house.

At this moment a small, shrill voice yelled:

"That's her, sir, straight on. I know'd he'd dragged her this way. Save her, sir, save her!"

A dark figure in the moonlight advanced with the speed of a race-horse. As Jasper Olive clutched Lucy rudely by the arm he felt himself seized by the collar and the wrist; the latter was compressed so forcibly that with a groan of pain he released Lucy, who continued her flight to the house.

Jasper Olive struggled fiercely and violently for a few minutes; but he was unable to extricate himself from the grasp which held him.

"Take your hands from my collar," he shouted.

"Don't don't," screamed Winks, "he'll do you a mischief if you do. I know him."

"You had better remain still," exclaimed his captor, who proved to be Mat Holyoak. "You only hurt yourself in trying to get loose from me, and you waste your time; for, if I don't choose to release you, you won't get away from me in a week."

"I'll summon the police, you scoundrel," roared Jasper, "unless you release me. Do you want to commit a robbery?"

"Summon the police!" yelled Winks. "You jest go an' summon 'im, an' I'll tell 'im who committed a robbery. Ha! ha! I know whose been an' went an' did it, I know."

Like a flash of lightning passing through his brain, Jasper remembered that, on the night he had stolen old Flight's receipts from Captain Cross-jack's chest, he had heard the sound of feet pattering behind him, as though he had been followed by a cat or dog. Could this have been Winks?

A cold, deadly faintness seized him, and he stood for a moment as if paralyzed. Then a horrid thought respecting the poor little creature passed through his mind. The descent into crime is swift. If she had watched him, she should not live to tell what she had seen.

He drew a long breath, and then he said to Mat in grim tones,

"Release me, I bid you, sir. Tell me who you are, and upon what grounds you dare to make this attack upon me."

Mat flung him off contemptuously. "I see who you are," he said. "You are the clerk of the usurer in the city, who bade me inform Mr. Spencer Leigh that you did not know where Mrs. Alabaster was to be found. I made this attack upon you as I would upon any blackguard knave I might happen to see terrifying an unprotected girl. As it is, with respect to the attack, you may think yourself fortunate that I did not fling you over the hedge into the next field."

"I am not accustomed to struggle with prize-fighting bullies," cried Jasper, with affected rage. "While the law will protect me I should be a fool to do so. I will enlist its aid, and we shall see whether you will be permitted to do what you have done with impunity. Under any circumstances I never forget nor forgive; those who offend me had need to repent it to the last hour of their existence. Mark me, fellow, I know you now; I will never leave you until I have sated a revenge you would have done wisely not to have roused."

"And you will do wisely to leave me, or you will make a flying vanit over into yon field," replied Mat, impressively.

"You are here on an errand, I expect, to Mrs. Alabaster. She is staying on sufferance in my house," said Jasper Olive, with the same attempt to act the part of the offensive. "I go now to obtain the assistance of the police. If on my return I find you on or near my premises, you shall be incarcerated for the night, and to-morrow I will prefer a charge against you before the magistrate, of which you will find it awkward to acquit yourself. As for you, you infernal little wretch!" he exclaimed, addressing Winks, "if I find you in the house when I come back, you'll see what I will do to you."

There was, at the moment the sound of a footstep approaching; and as it occurred to Jasper that it might be Captain Cross-jack, he hastily disappeared.

Winks made some mysterious gestures and grimaces, and then said in a low tone to Mat,

"Come back to the house; she wants to see you, I know. Ah, how she was a watching for you when that Mr. Jasper came, and frightened out of her wits about her mother, made her listen to his awful love-makin'."

Mat smiled and followed Winks, who led the way at a shuffling but quick pace. A turn of the road showed to him the moonlight silencing the garden-gate, but it also showed to him the flutter of a light garment close to it.

He hurried forward; and there at the gate, peering round behind the privet hedge, he saw Lucy.

As he drew near to her he held out his hands. A glance told her Jasper Olive was not in sight. She caught his two hands and pressed them warmly, while thick tears stood in her eyes, and Mat's heart beat and throbbed as he noted the expression of the dear young face turned towards him.

Well might his heart throb!

Even little Winks, who gazed at both wistfully, murmured, ay and with a full heart too.

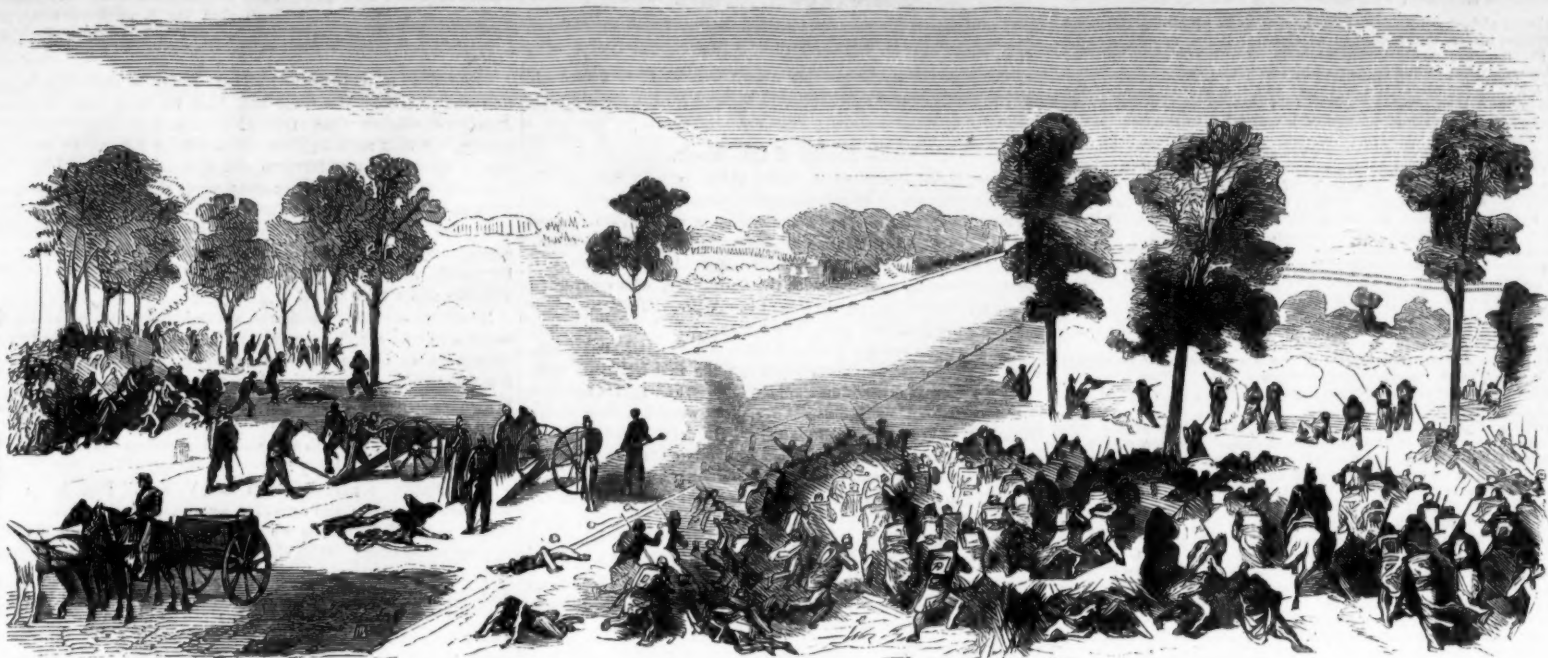
"Them's a match now if you like."

(To be continued)

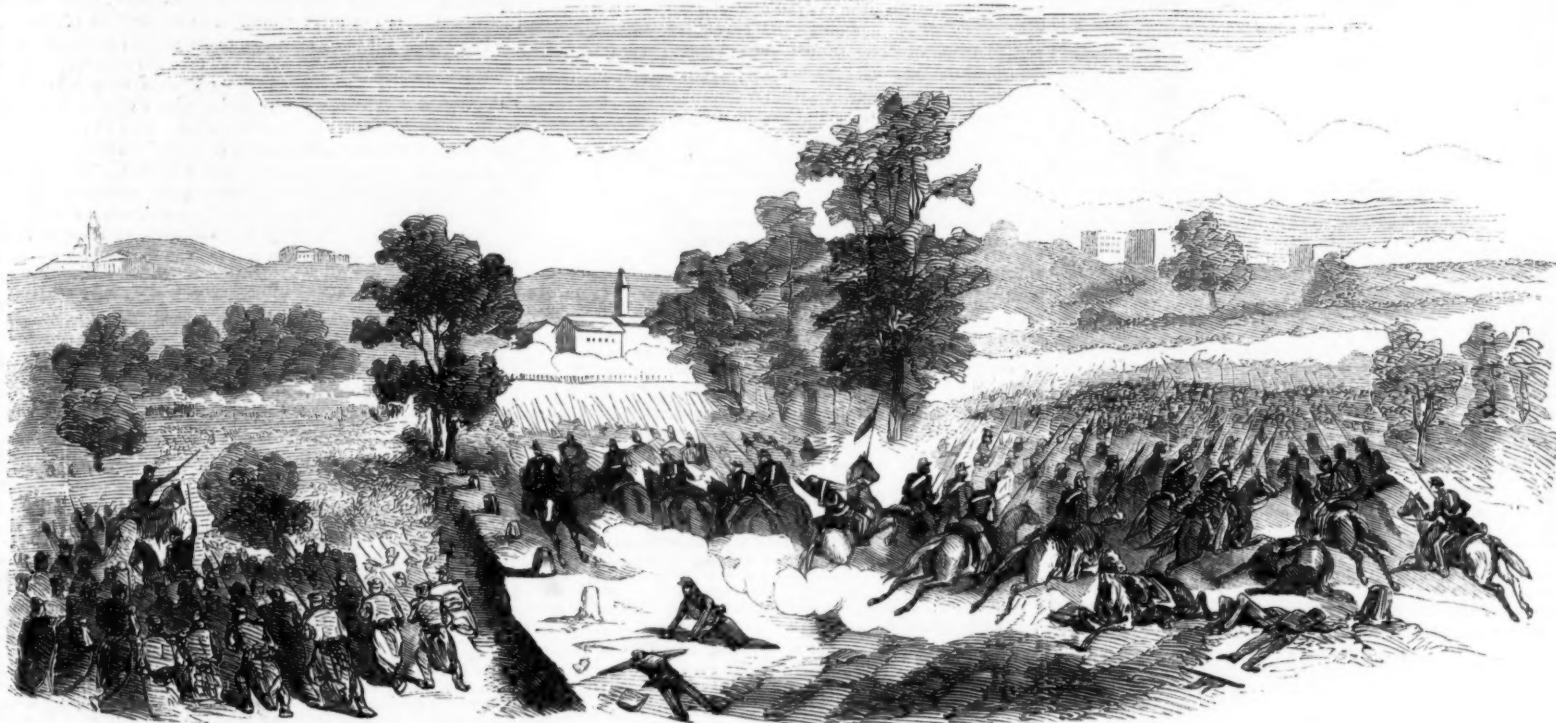


THE WAR IN ITALY—THE BERSAGLIERI WITH THE TENTH PIEDMONTSE INFANTRY FORDING THE SESIA AND SURPRISING THE AUSTRIAN REAR-GUARD.—SEE PAGE 52.

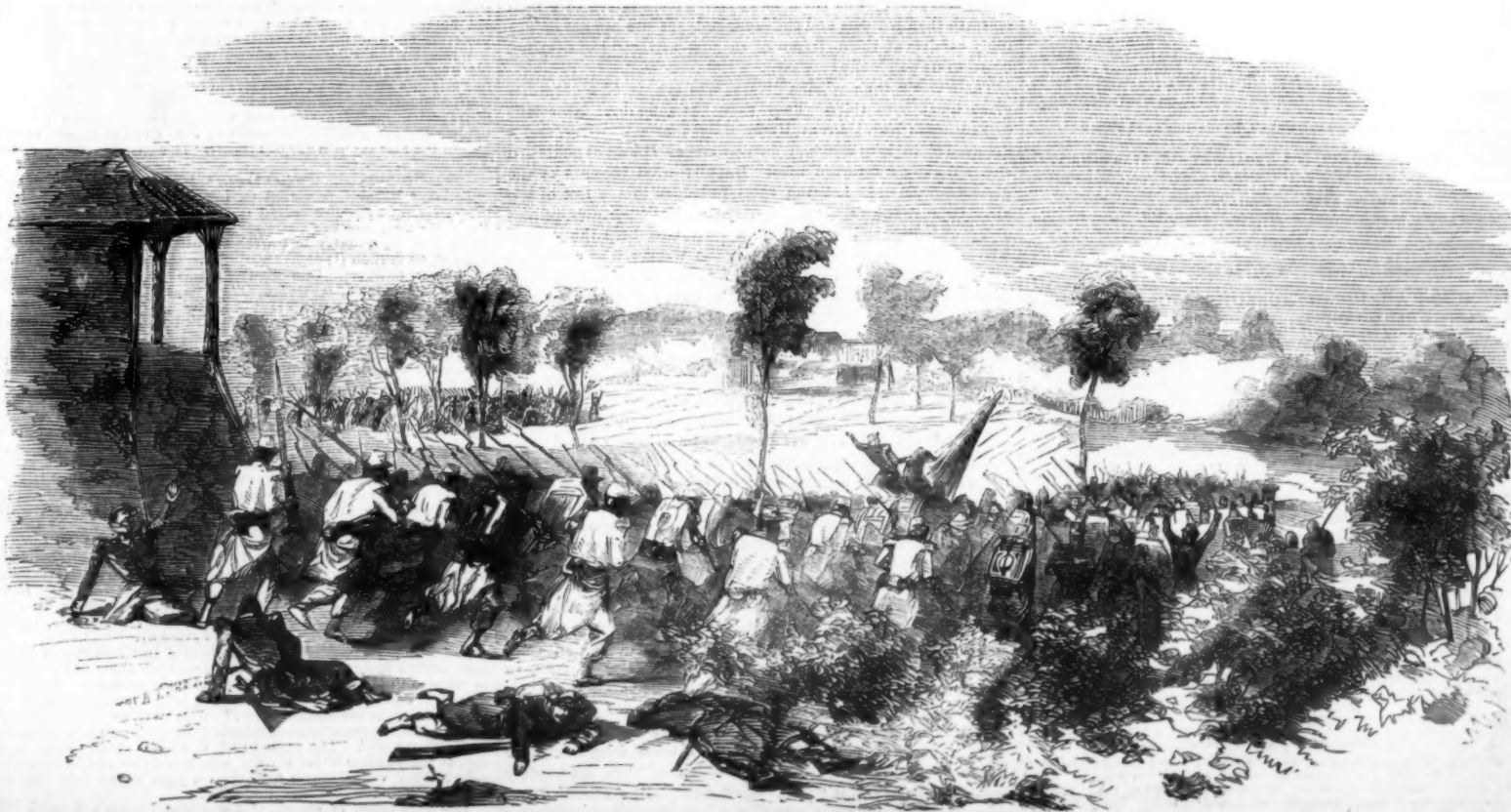
The War in Italy—Battle of Montebello.—See Page 58.



ENGAGEMENT OF GENERAL FOREY'S DIVISION.



CHARGE OF THE PIEDMONTSE CAVALRY COMMANDED BY GENERAL DE SONNAZ.



RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIANS—DEATH OF GENERAL BRUCHAT.

THE BATTLE OF MONTIBELLO.

At eleven o'clock on Friday, May 29th, a body of fifteen thousand Austrians, under the command of General Zobel, moved towards the Piedmontese position of Montibello, occupied by eight hundred Sardinian horsemen and supported by two batteries.

Warned by the roll of the musketry and the sharp report of the Austrian and Piedmontese guns of this movement, General Forey marched with the second brigade of his division in the direction of Montibello to support the Piedmontese cavalry, which by this time had already advanced to meet the enemy.

Arriving at the bridge thrown across the brook called Fossagazza, the extreme limit of the French front posts, General Forey placed a section of artillery there in battery, supporting it on the right and left by two battalions of the eighty-fourth, and lining the bank with sharpshooters.

During this time the Austrians had pushed on from Montibello to Ginestrillo, and advanced towards General Forey's division in two columns—one by the high road and the other along the tramway. The French General at once ordered one of his battalions to cover the causeway at Cascina Nuova, and the other and remaining one of the seventy-fourth to advance along the right of the road, behind the eighty-fourth.

At first the shells and bullets of the Austrians burst so thickly among the French troops, that the centre was obliged to fall back, retiring from Montibello under the protection of a ravine filled with brushwood.

As General Beuret led on his men to support this centre, it was observed that a body of the enemy had gained the top of a hilly ground behind the French division on the right. A deadly volley was poured into them, and, protected by the fire, both Piedmontese and French came out from the ravine and went boldly to meet the enemy. The effect of the new French guns, carrying their bullets to a distance of more than two English miles, was so great that the centre of the Austrians was soon obliged to fall back on its reserve, and Montibello was again occupied by the French and Sardinians. By this time the third and fourth brigades of General Forey's division had reached the scene of the action. This distinguished officer had left in support of a small band of the national guard—who, by the bye fought bravely—his first brigade, sending an orderly officer of his staff to Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, asking support if needed.

Having thus given his orders, he came on with his Zouaves at the *pas de charge*—a battalion of Chasseurs d'Orléans rushed by, "the light of battle on their faces." It was accompanied by two battalions of the line, commanded by Ducet and Lacroix. The shock was terrible; Lacroix fell dead from his horse, Major Duché fell dead after him; the men all advanced *à la bayonnette*. An Austrian Colonel and two hundred Croats were made prisoners. Assailed in front by the French; broken by the impetuosity of the charge of the Sardinian Montebello light horsemen, led by the brave Colonel Morelli; attacked on the right by the second brigade, and by the artillery all along the line, the Austrians began to retire after a struggle of six hours. At five o'clock p. m. they were driven pell-mell down the hills towards Stradella on one side, and towards Casatisma on the other, leaving mounds of dead behind them.

The French had won the day. Though they were fifteen thousand strong the Austrians could not force the French from their positions. The Austrian force numbered fifteen thousand men, besides a powerful artillery. General Forey's division consisted of scarcely eight thousand fighting men, and was supported by nine hundred Sardinian horsemen. This brave cavalry, led by General de Sonnaz, sustained for more than an hour the first shock of the enemy, thus giving the French time to come up. Our illustration represents this brave corps at the moment of their gallant charge upon the Austrian infantry.

The loss of the Austrians is estimated at one thousand five hundred men, killed and wounded. The French loss is but one-third as large—two hundred men dead and three hundred wounded. It was during the desperate hand-to-hand conflicts which took place in the streets of Montibello that General Beuret was stricken to the death by a ball from the rifle of a Tyrolean Chasseur. The illustrations herewith presented represent a street in the village at this time, as well as the most important movements of this eventful day.

P. S.—The statements as to the number engaged in this battle and amount of killed and wounded, vary so much, that it would be unfair not to give both sides a hearing. The estimates given above emanate from the French reports, official and otherwise. The Austrians, on their side, assert that the French were numerically stronger than they, and that their own loss in killed and wounded did not amount to more than half of that which the French and English journals have ascribed to them.

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Notice to Correspondents.

A. BROW is informed that a copy of *Signa's* of the New York Yacht Club can only be procured by application to the Secretary of the Club, Com. Morton, 37 Wall street.

BERT HOVES, Jr., is right. The only Musical work edited by a thorough Musician is the *Musical Guest*, published by Bell & Co., 13 Frankfort-st.

The Topics of the Week.

The news from Piedmont we have given in another page. It forms the great staple of public conversation. Both parties exercise considerable caution, and content themselves with skirmishes. The difficulty of getting reliable information renders it almost impossible to give an exact view of affairs. It would appear, however, that the advantages remain with the Sardinians, who seem to do almost all the fighting on the side of the Allies. Germany, more especially the Southern part, is in a very excited condition, and openly avows its sympathy with Austria and its hatred to France. They cannot forget that sixty years ago the first Napoleon commenced a similar crusade on similar pretence, and that it resulted in the most terrible war that has ever been waged, during which Germany was ravaged by the merciless fathers of these self-same liberators, and which resulted in a grievous state of misery and despotism. In England the public opinion has settled down into an indifference to whether Austria beats France or France defeats Austria—an armed neutrality is the order of the day. The next arrival will bring us the Queen's speech, which, of course, will tell us nothing we do not know. If the liberal factions unite and drive the Derby party from office, there is every likelihood of England's neutrality being a real one, except Louis Napoleon should change the character of his policy from that of the liberator to the aggressor.

Our adopted citizens have been unduly excited on the subject of their rights when visiting their native countries. It is impossible for any nation, however powerful, to force its own peculiar institutions upon the rest of the world, nor is it reasonable for any class of our citizens to expect it. As long as they remain here, whatever their political offences, all the banded despots of Europe cannot touch them; but if they choose to put themselves in the power of their former rulers, they must take the consequences. General Cass, in a letter to the Prussian Minister, assumes this ground:

"That native born Prussians, naturalized in the United States, and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties except such as were existing at the period of their emigration. If at that time they were in the army, or actually called into it, such emigration and naturalization do not exempt them from the legal penalty which they incurred by their desertion, but this penalty may be enforced against them whenever they shall voluntarily place themselves within the local jurisdiction of their native country, and shall be proceeded against according to law. But when no present liabilities exist against them at the period of their emigration, the law of nations, in the opinion of this Government, gives no right to any country to interfere with naturalized American citizens, and the attempt to do so would be considered an act unjust in itself and unfriendly toward the United States."

We think every candid mind will acknowledge this to be a very liberal construction of the law of naturalization.

Our Laws of Divorce.

Our courts of law through all the States are filled with suits for the accomplishment of divorces betwixt man and wife. Our Legislatures are beset to the same end, and every day the press teems with matter leading either to that conclusion, or to a bloody one.

Can we, under these circumstances, close our eyes to this great social evil, while it is knocking at our doors? We know that crime or misfortune is held by man as of little moment until it comes to him personally; but even while so believing, we think we can look forth upon the community at large, and find a great per centage who are hourly suffering from this scourge, that is quietly and insidiously growing stronger. It was not so in the time of our fathers. Are we, then, becoming so familiar with vice and crime, that we make a jest of our household gods? Can there be anything more sacred to a man on earth than his wife and children, and yet are we not laughingly careless of these treasures so long as their loss does not come to us personally?

There was a time when a divorce was accounted a deep disgrace upon both sides. That time has gone by. Now it is looked upon about in as likely a light as a marriage, and a divorced man is as common an occurrence almost as a married one. We say a divorced man. But ah! what becomes of the divorced woman? Let the spots forbidden to the feet of the virtuous answer this. Let the hospitals, station-houses, prisons and poor-houses tell what they know. God help the woman who is cast away by her husband, or the woman who casts him away. The world is wide for a man, for woman it is but a narrow one, a tortuous one, in which she is surely lost after making the first false step. Are women blind to this fact? No! Every woman of sense will answer this emphatically; and more, she will declare that an instance never yet existed of a married woman's falling from honor but it was committed with her eyes widely open, knowing the consequences, and braving them. She will say more: that no man ever approached a woman with evil intent, but she had it in her power to immediately crush him, and cause him to cinge before her indignation. Every woman knows this; and it is from knowing it that she has less mercy upon the fallen of her sex than man, and never forgives.

Why, then, is it, with the terrible penalties that society inflicts upon the crime, that it is becoming of more frequent occurrence? Is it because we are falling off in our education of woman, and refusing her, within herself, the power of protection? No rational man will answer this in the affirmative; on the contrary, we must admit that within the last twenty years female education has advanced with wonderful strides, until woman stands in that respect almost as the peer of man, so far as the intellectual accomplishments of society are concerned. That their moral culture is neglected is evident from the very fact we are discussing. Is it because women are curtailed of their personal liberty, and thus break away from their imprisonment, and in the intoxication of their momentary freedom give way to excesses. Such a proposition comes almost with a ridiculous force when we look into every phase of society, and see that woman governs with autocratic power in the domestic circle and all its belongings; in all the

branches of life that spring from the household in every form; that she is deeply in business; that she is prominent in the church, and holds almost supreme sway in everything but the State.

What does all this argue? That women is unfit for education and liberty? We trust not. Let us have more faith in Almighty wisdom than this. No! not that she is unfit for liberty, but that man legislates too much for her. Man accords her to many items of freedom she does not crave, and denies her what she does. The first great want of woman is occupation, and interest in some pursuit. Idleness is identical with vice; and an idle wife will certainly do wrong if she has an opportunity. Occupation of the mind and body is a check upon the passions, and a cultivator of such pride as will keep a woman virtuous and a man honest.

Next to this as an incentive to woman's fall is revenge. How many a lost wife will answer that her first step in crime came more from an innate desire for revenge against the real or supposed infidelities of her husband, than from any passion conceived for, or advances made, by her guilty partner. How terribly does this argue against the pride of woman, that she should immolate herself, to crush one whom she professes to love enough to be actuated to jealousy?

Is it man who makes woman false? Yes! Firstly, by his own lack of virtue; and secondly, by the false direction of his sympathies. Why should we draw any distinction in our laws in favor of woman? Why should we extend to her protection in guilt, if it be not to demoralize her? Is she not a responsible creature before God? Why should we talk any more of such sickly nonsense as that of the seducer walking into our homes and stealing the affections and honor of our wives? When we speak of young girls, not yet having reached the age of womanhood, who are supposed to be approached on the plea of marriage, we can understand and punish the crime in the man, and spare the woman; but in the guilty wife—never!

This, then, is the great radical fault in our laws of divorce. Let us make each party amenable to its action; let us make it criminal, instead of civil. We hold that the guilty should be punished. It is for such our State Prisons were built. The man who will have guilty intercourse with a wife shall have it at the same risk as the burglar or the thief. And why not, when the crime is a hundred times more damning? The woman who is false to her marriage vows should share his fate. The husband who is unfaithful to his home shall receive the same award. Give us such reform as this in our laws of divorce, and we will hear of no more bloody shootings and stabbings, to revenge these crimes. Divorces will become scarcer, and society better.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

War vs. Gossip—Erdite Hack-drivers in Paris—What it Costs to Feed Paris—Crinoline as a Parachute; a Miraculous Escape—William Tell Outdone—Alexandre Dumas; his Russian Trip; his Reception by Schamyl; the Terrible Demand of that Chief; the Illustrious Romantic in Peril of his Life; Ill Success of his Son's Attempt to Save him; Intervention of the United States Consul; Happy Divouement—The Opera; Mario, Tambril, Madame Miolan-Carvalho—The *Bal Mabille*; Marguerite la Huguénote.

PARIS, June 2, 1866.

WITH the war and its battles your columns are, doubtless, just now gorged. Having expressly stipulated at the outset that I should not be considered your belligerent correspondent, I renounce altogether the idea of supplying you with war "copy," and shall content myself with showing you that there are still gay things said and done by the black coats of Paris, notwithstanding the present dominance in the world's attention of Zouaves and Chasseurs and Legionnaires. I am your Paris correspondent, you know, and leave to others to chronicle the doings of the rest of the universe.

If in Paris may be found the climax of aristocratic life, here too you may meet with all manner of unclassical people, individuals with pretended professions and industrialists who are not by any means industrious. I am led to these remarks by the report of M. Ducoux, the City Hack Inspector here, who says that two years ago among the coach-drivers of Paris many have been counted more than twenty unemployed schoolmasters, forty unfrocked priests, and more than two hundred persons who had occupied an honorable position in society. "I have," says he, "among my coachmen three old notaries, four men who were formerly lawyers, and a whilom professor of rhetoric who swears at his horses in Greek and Latin." While on the subject of official reports, it may not be out of place to give you a statistical idea of the amount of food consumed in Paris in a single year. In 1857, in the city of Paris alone, were consumed 58,896,838 pounds of food, among which were 112,000,000 of francs' worth of oysters and fish, 170,500,000 francs worth of poultry and game, 30,000,000 francs worth of butter and eggs, and vegetables to the amount of 2,629,000 francs. It costs something to feed a metropolis, you see!

The ladies have still another argument to urge in support of their crinoline fashions, now that an incident has occurred in which a modern, skirt-expander served the purpose of a life-preserver. A Parisian dame, who has a strong proclivity towards crinoline, went down into the country last week to visit a friend, taking with her but a small portion of her wardrobe. Her husband was detained at home by business. One night he was awakened from a sound sleep by the cries of "Fire! fire!" Jumping out of bed, he found that the whole house was wrapt in flames. He attempted to fly by the staircase, but here he was driven back by the devouring element. His room was on the third floor. Escape seemed impossible. A horrible death awaited him. All attempts at saving him by the spectators with ut were unavailing. Suddenly the unfortunate man, bethought him of his wife's wardrobe, ran to it, and jumping into a large crinoline, o'erthrew it with several smaller articles, and, "accoutred as he was," jumped resolutely out of the window. Buoyed up by a parachute, this man, who had been but a moment before in deadly peril, reached the ground in safety.

The feat of William Tell, I know, has been often equalled in these modern times by expert marksmen; never so far surpassed, however, as in this quite recent circumstance. A Bavarian weaver who prided himself upon being an excellent shot, lately wished to give a proof of his expertness with the rifle. To this end he took his gun and ordered his son, a boy of twelve, to follow him into the garden. Arrived there, he placed his son fifteen paces off, previously putting a potato on his head. All things being ready the father raised his gun and fired. When the smoke had cleared away the boy was seen standing motionless in his place; the potato, split in two by the bullet, had rolled off on the ground.

The neighbors to whom the weaver told this instance of his address, shook their heads in doubt. To convince them he determined to perform the feat a second time and in their presence. But it was now dark, and the "child" was obliged to hold a lantern in order that his father might see where to aim. This time, as before, the mark was hit; the boy remained unscathed. The neighbors returned home perfectly satisfied. The noise which this affair created came to the ears of the Justices of the district, who called this new William Tell before them, very properly fined him a good round sum and sentenced him to five days' imprisonment.

You have heard of course of Alexandre Dumas's Russian trip, and, perhaps, some of the numberless stories that were set afloat in this connection have also reached you. Since his return, Dumas has been "rue" pretty hard on the subject of his interview with

Schamyl. The following anecdote, which a witty journalist here, is quite as ingenious as any that I have heard on this point.

You must know, he begins, that Schamyl is a well educated and witty man, understanding perfectly all the niceties of the French language.

M. A. Dumas, père, with that amiable familiarity for which he is noted, advanced towards the Caucasian chief with open arms and smiling countenance.

"Et p!" cried Schamyl, in a terrible voice, "the English Consul has warned me not to receive you, since you are a secret agent of Souloque."

"It's an infamous lie!" replied M. A. Dumas, père. "England is adverse to me because I am the friend of M. le Baron de Bazancourt, who, in one of his delicious novels, had the boldness to call that country a peninsula."

"Who are you?"

"I am the most important man of my country. I have so many honorary decorations that I am obliged to carry them about in a carpet-bag. Europe knows me under the name of the sole original Alexandre Dumas. Louis Philippe and Auguste Maquet fell from not having followed my advice. I am the son of a General."

"A negro?"

"No, a Republican."

"Why do you come here?"

"To offer you my friendship and that of the Monte Cristo."

"What is the Monte Cristo?"

"It is a journal with 40,000 subscribers."

"Do these 400,000 subscribers care much for you?"

"They adore me; and I had all the trouble in the world to prevent them from following me out here."

"Well, just write to them, then, that if in one month's time they do not send me a reinforcement of forty thousand men, armed with the Delphine carbines and commanded by Jules Gérard, the lion-killer, I will forward them your head by mail."

"You can understand that upon receipt of such a piece of intelligence as this, M. A. Dumas, père, made but one jump from the audience chamber to his writing-desk. Five days ago a picture-quely attired letter presented himself at the residence of M. A. Dumas, fils, Paris, bearing of a very important letter from M. A. Dumas, père."

An hour after the arrival of the letter, the subscription-book of the Monte Cristo, was transformed into an enlisting roll.

Last Sunday the first Secretary of the United States Legation went to the office of this journal:

"Monsieur," said he to M. A. Dumas, fils, "is your army nearly ready to set out?"

"Alas, monsieur, I have only secured three men thus far, M. Victor Jour, Victor Cominot and Eugene Caspus."

"And M. Charles Marchal?"

"M. Charles Marchal prefers to remain at Paris. My poor father is lost."

"Reassure yourself; do not give way to a sorrow which, I must confess to you, is far from becoming; your father is saved; my Government has given orders to our Consul at Odessa to reclaim him."

"To reclaim him! tell me, in heaven's name, as what?"

"Why, as a runaway nigger."

To describe the joy, the brimming bliss, the boundless transports of M. A. Dumas, fils, at this juncture, the feuilletonist concludes, would be a hopeless task.

Things operate in rather a quiescent state at this season. Mario appeared on the Boulevard des Italiens a fortnight ago, but vainly did managers throw themselves at his feet to entreat him to engage with them for the next season. Tamberlik in the meridian of his glory, and received, wherever he sings, with enthusiasm. Mme. Miolan-Carvalho and her husband have wisely concluded to abandon the management of the Théâtre Lyrique, where three years of deserved success have failed to enrich the great singer and her spouse. Mme. Carvalho will sing, the coming season, at London, St. Petersburg and at the Théâtre Italien, Paris. Now that Bosio is dead there is one living Sontag, and that is Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Mabile is open and crowded nightly with its customary customers. Marguerite la Huguénote shows herself there and walks about, but refuses all invitations to dance. It would seem that the manager of the Délassements Comiques, who has engaged her for the season, has also prohibited her from "wasting her sweetness" on a non-paying public.

FRANÇOIS.

Personal.

Mr. JOHN G. SAXE, of Burlington, well known as a writer of comic verse, a lecturer and an editor, was lately nominated for Governor of Vermont by the Democratic Party, in Convention assembled. The Tribune says: "Of course he has not the ghost of a chance of being elected."

PROF. ADA SMITH and family sailed for Europe in the America last week.

A MONTHLY paper gives utterance to the friendly expression of sentiment: "O ye veterans of the '61 war, who are not old as well as to smile and smile and be a President of the United States."

An English missionary now in Sumatra lately wrote home that he had "had the most satisfactory examination of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

LETTERS received from Mr. Hawthorne state that his daughter, Miss Una Hawthorne, has recovered from her late severe illness, that the family expected to leave Rome on the 25th of May.

AMONG the Americans now in Paris are Senators Seward and Cushman, Mr. Mary and daughter of the family of the late Governor Marcy, Mrs. Henry H. Hill, Mr. Jonathan Burges and family of New York.

A CURIOUS law suit, brought by a lady against a dentist, was tried a few days since at East Greenwich, N. J. The lady alleged that the dentist, who is now Mr. Elmer, had used a sound molar instead of a decayed one, and she sued him for \$200 damages. Defendant won and the lady retired.

The judgment for \$1,000 which was entered on February 17th, against Mr. Walter Savage Landor, for a gross libel on the wife of the Rev. Mr. Vescombe, has been reversed. On the 1st instant, the Master of the Rolls granted an injunction restraining Mr. Landor from publishing or circulating any libelous statement, and he ordered that the judgment be set aside, and that the plaintiff be ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings.

For the last time Mrs. Major's friends have noticed with increasing regret the steady decline of her health. In July 1887, a determined effort was made to obtain, by subscription, a new house for her; but the matter was abandoned, and she has since been confined to her bed. In April of the present year the subject was again brought up, and at an informal meeting of our principal friends, it was decided to make a new effort.

1. That the Major need a new hat.

2. That if his wife will be would never buy one, and

3. That it was the duty of his friends to procure a good one for him.

Subsequent resolutions provided that none but the Major's personal friends should be called on to subscribe, and that no subscription exceeding twenty-five cents in amount should be received from any one person or firm.

The required amount was collected, the hat purchased, the Major caught, and for a while his accustomed covering was gently removed, to listen to the following speech from the eloquent lips of Mr. W.: "Major, here's that hat. I suggest as what; put it on your head and you'll hear inspiration." The Major, overcome by emotion, responded in a husky voice: "Gentlemen, your ingrained kindness oppresses me. Your gift is truly felt. I'll see you all again."

Thus notwithstanding the depressing influence of the market, in the face of favorable crop-report, in all sections of the country, the dealers in cereals manage to preserve their good nature and charitable feelings unimpaired.

LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &C.

We have received from DELISSER & PROCTER two additional volumes of that most excellent series, *The Household Library*. One volume contains the "Life of Torquato Tasso," by J. H. Wiffen. The editor's preface, with its pleasant pen and ink sketch of the land which Tasso loved and its brief biographical history of the land, which Tasso loved, will be read by all with pleasure. Mr. Wiffen has written a life of Tasso, in which there is no conventional prejudice, but, on the contrary, a good broad appreciation of Tasso, both as

a man and a poet. As far as we can judge without special reference, his dates and facts are to be depended upon implicitly, and his opinions, from the sincerity and the honesty of the tone, are to be respected and esteemed, while his selections exhibit both taste and judgment.

The appendix to this book contains the brilliant and appreciative analysis of the "Jerusalem Delivered," by M. St. Monde de Simond. The second volume contains the "Life of Oliver Cromwell," by Alphonse de Lamartine. A life of this remarkable and vastly abused Englishman, this king-slayer, this scoffer at the "divine right" of rulers, by a Frenchman, would at the first thought seem to be a production in which but little confidence should be placed.

But Lamartine has drawn his resources from the documentary evidence collected with infinite diligence and labor by Thomas Carlyle, and presented by him to the world. From the facts so presented, in themselves beyond suspicion or doubt, Lamartine has produced a most valuable and interesting epitome of the life and the extraordinary career of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of England.

He takes broad views of the character of the man, and places him in that position which thinking minds for many years have believed to be the true one. We commend this excellent book to our readers, not merely to the mature, but to the youthful. It is equally valuable to both.

MR. SCHUBERT, the German music publisher, has sent us a neat little volume, which he calls *Schubert's Music Handbook*. It contains, besides brief biographies of eminent musical men, a numerous list of musical terms, with their signification in English, together with concise explanations of the forms and styles of the various species of musical composition. It is a cheap and handy pocket companion for both amateur and professional musicians.

DICK & FITZGERALD have sent us a mirth-provoking book entitled *The Harp of a Thousand Strings; or, Laughter for a Lifetime*. It is a book of some four hundred pages, filled with humorous stories, abounding in wit and fun, and embellished with comic illustrations by the most eminent artists of America and England.

It is a book which can be taken up and laid aside at will, but from which a hearty laugh can always be extracted.

RUDD & CARLTON have sent us a new novelle, entitled *Two Ways to Wedlock*. In these times, when "sensation stories" carry everything before them, when blood and thunder is the order of the day, and clap-trap literature prevails throughout the land, it is no little relief to find a daring critical mention at our hands a volume in which an interesting plot is so quietly carried out as in the one whose title heads this paragraph. The words "reprinted from the Home Journal," which appear on the title-page of *Two Ways to Wedlock*, would be sufficient guarantee for its excellence, even if we did not have a commendable word to say of it ourselves. The story is one of everyday life; the scene, for the most part, is laid in this city; the incidents, especially those connected with the great fire of 1835, brought vividly before the mind; while the style, in its quiet, easy grace, irresistibly reminds one of Goldsmith's in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Such a book could not fail to delight a large circle of domestic readers. This, indeed, was proved by the popularity which it enjoyed as it appeared in serial form in Messrs. Morris & Willis's paper—the demand for it then being so much larger than could be attended to that the publishers took it up and hence its appearance in its present neat shape. The volume is dedicated to General Morris, in a preface whose gracefulness of sentiment is only equalled by its truth.

We have also received from the same firm *A Bachelor's Story*, by Oliver Bunce. We can say of this book what can be said of very few volumes at present issued; and that is, that whoever reads it once, will be very certain to do so a second, yes and a third time.

From the first page to the last, Mr. Bachelor has thickly strewn his text with thoughts that are not barren thoughts, for they make the reader think, not being mere conventional common-places in a new garb, but novel and quiet ideas and forcible truths, or at least honest convictions honestly set down in good old English.

The story, which, as it were, trickles along through the book, as a pretty stream meanders through an ever-changing landscape, is charmingly told, and makes one wish that it were a little, just a very little more prominent.

We conceive that in writing and printing this volume Mr. Bunce has not only done himself great credit, but has also made a move in the right direction, in breaking away from the conventional novel of the day, and presenting in its stead, a series of graceful, thoughtful, and at the same time interesting pictures.

Enthusiastic in his love for nature, not too matter-of-fact to reveal in sentiment, yet with sufficient good taste and strong sense never to lose himself in its mazes; having a keen appreciation of the better side of humanity, a large and noble charity, and the power of condensing all this into the fewest possible words; Mr. Bunce bids fair to take a front rank among our rising authors. We wish that we had room for copious extracts from this book, but regret that we must content ourselves with one. Concerning the past and future, our Bachelor thus discourses:

"If that could be so. If life were two roads, one down, and the other up the ages. If one could turn from the unknown hereafter and wander backward amid the men and the things of the Once! Should I accept it? Would it be well to travel forth along known roads, amid giant ruins and grand memories, walking alone with all the greatness of the past through her silent acres? Oh, immensity of sensation! But the future? How its unseen grandeur thrills and fascinates me! The past has its Babylon, its Jerusalem, its Athens, its Carthage, its Rome, its vast totality of mighty accomplishment, and by the by I tremble at the possibilities of the future. The very conjecture of all that shall come to pass appals and confounds me. I feel as one standing upon the back and shoal of time; the ocean, which is the past, thunders up to my feet, the future stretches its blank mysterious vastness beyond, while I stagger on my way, awe-struck and bewildered by both the known and the unknown."

We trust that this taste of the rich flavor of the draught offered may induce many a one to drink deeper; and we promise them that the sample is in no manner better than the whole.

MUSICAL.

ITALIAN OPERA, Fourteenth Street.—The appearance of Madame Cortesi in "Il Poluto" created quite a furor last week. Her concept of the character was, of course, quite different from Piccolomini's; it was grander, and the last act was just as much more effective with the general public as her voice was more powerful. Cortesi is a superbly fine artist.

Florence's pleasant opera of "Martha" was performed here last week with Colona, Strakosch, Brignoli and Jura. It was a fine cast. Colona sang deliciously and her graceful, piquant and spirited acting made her performance all that could be desired. She is indeed a charming artist. Madame Strakosch acquitted herself to the satisfaction of all. She is always pale-taking and correct, and we feel assured that we can rely upon her with safety.

Brignoli sang the music better than it has ever yet been sung in America. His singing gave evidence that he had carefully studied the rôle, and had achieved the true character of the music. He rendered it exquisitely, and won the most cordial approbation from the entire audience. Brignoli is now evidently singing for fame, and we have no hesitations in saying that if he keeps on in his present style of improvement, he will certainly win it deservedly.

Jura sang and acted with much force and spirit, keeping up the action of the scene with unflinching humor. The opera throughout was well performed, creditable in every way to Madame Strakosch's management and Max Wace's leading. By the way, the presence of Max Wace in the orchestra seems to be equally relished by the artists and the audience. It is well enough to tolerate Italian adventures, with nothing to recommend them but their assurance or the favor of some big sady patroness, when there is no one better to have; but when their betters come, let them be shipped at once to Italy and Washington Heights, or any other congenial spot that will receive them.

CHARITABLE BENEFIT.—On Tuesday evening last a grand operatic performance was given at the Academy, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital, on which occasion Madame La Comtesse De Ferussac, daughter of the millionaire in Fiume, first made her first appearance on the operatic stage as Elvira in "Il Poluto." Besides the interest which this first appearance was supposed to call forth, the whole strength of the opera was brought in a play, the cause of a noble charity was involved, and, over and above all this, for nine ladies of the *crime de la classe* were the patrons of the affair. With such a combination of attractions an overflowing audience was anticipated; but of the event, let the manager, M. Strakosch, tell the tale in his own words:

"To the PUBLIC.—I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to state that the performance which was given at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital, was not only unproductive to the friends of that deserving charity, but that it also resulted in a loss of over eight hundred dollars to the manager."

"I feel called upon to make a brief statement of the facts connected with the management of the performance alluded to above."

"I have now under my management one of the finest opera companies in the world, led by two magnificent artists: prima donna, with Madame Cortesi and Madame Colona as stars, and the artists joined with them, I have given the opera to good and paying houses."

"I was requested by several ladies occupying high positions in New York society to join them in a benefit performance of the Woman's Hospital. As the action on their part, they asked me to arrange for the debut of a distinguished amateur—a lady of this city, who was presumed to have a strong claim upon the public curiosity. She had kindly placed her services at the disposal of the committee for this occasion."

"I remarked, most truly, that the public of this city was not to be relied upon for the support of amateurism, however distinguished; and that such being the case, I thought I ought to have some reason as to my expenses. When upon the ladies replied that they would use all their influence in favor of the project, and secure its pecuniary success. Further, it was suggested that if their names should appear as patronesses of the affair, there would be no doubt that an audience would be assembled which would be large enough to leave a handsome sum after the expenses had been defrayed."

"It was finally agreed that, although the expenses of the opera under my management amount to \$1,500 nightly, I should receive first but \$1,000. The receipts, if any above that sum, were to be divided between the Hospital Association and myself, I taking the risk of the \$500 expenses not secured, while the association, or the lady patronesses assumed no hazard whatsoever."

"The result was that the gross receipts of Tuesday evening amounted to only \$622, leaving me a loser to the extent of \$878. Further, that the majority of the ladies whose names appeared in the advertisement not only neglected to divert themselves to bring about a favorable result to my efforts, but did not lend their personal presence to an affair which they nominally patronized."

"These facts for the public, to whom I, as every other manager, must look for support. To the charitably disposed I would respectfully suggest a study of the plan pursued in the matter of benefits for the poor by the aristocracy of the European capitals. The patronesses in those cities are as many as twenty, thirty, fifty and sometimes one hundred tickets, pay for them, and all the more give them away, thus providing something for the poor, and securing the manager, who is contented in even a worse condition, pecuniarily speaking, than the special object of charity."

"Hoping exceedingly, both on account of the association and my own treasurer, that the affair of Tuesday should have been so unproductive, I remain the public's obedient servant."

M. URICE STRAKOSCH.

The operatic season closed with the benefit of the Manager, Maurice Strakosch, on which occasion Cortesi was to appear as Norma on Friday evening, and in "Il Poluto" on Saturday morning.

MADAME GAZZARIGA in Brooklyn.—The many admirers of this charming artist gave her a complimentary concert in Brooklyn on Friday evening the 17th inst. The concert was tendered in the name of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, and a large array of brilliant talent assisted on the occasion. It was a very gratifying concert to a most deserving artist, and from the nature of the program we have no doubt but that there was a most substantial result to the well-lauded enterprise.

MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT'S CHAT.—During the past week Mr. Massett has given his most amusing entertainment twice at Dodworth's Academy, an evening performance and a matinee. A most fashionable and intelligent audience attended on both occasions—indeed we rarely see in a concert room so many of the élite of society and prominent literary men and artists as were present to welcome Mr. Massett's return. We notice a marked improvement in Mr. Massett's powers; his voice is fuller and richer, and he uses it with increased effect, and in his elocutionary efforts greater study and more powerful dramatic effects are visible. He is a capital actor, and his wonderfully varied entertainment was received with every mark of delight and approbation. His affecting song, "Silence and Tears," will have a great run—it will be everywhere popular. Mr. Massett will, we understand, repeat his Chat-Chat of Many Lands, shortly.

PICCOLINI and BRIGNOLI.—The celebrated photographer, Gurney, has taken a superb photograph of Piccolini and Brignoli as Paulina and Polyuto in "Il Poluto." They are taken in costume and at that moment when the Divine Truth, like a flash of light, descends upon Paulina. The picture is perfectly like life. Piccolini's expression is one of inspiration, one which all who saw her in "Il Poluto" will long remember. It is the most charming portrait of Piccolini yet produced. Brignoli's, too, is perfect that it speaks for itself. It is a work every way worthy of Mr. Gurney's wide-spread reputation. We shall present this fine picture in our next issue.

THE MUSICAL GUEST.—No 13 of this beautiful musical weekly is published this morning. It contains Stephen C. Massett's popular new song, "Silence and Tears;" "The Hermit's Mountain Song," by Franz Abt; "Who shall be Fairer?" a beautiful ballad, by Frank Mori; and the Polka Nationale and the Polka Ribezza, by Camille Schmitt. This is an excellent number, and is worth a dollar and a half instead of the ten cents charged.

THE OPERATIC MUSICAL GUEST, published last week, contains all the popular songs, duos, trios and choruses from Donizetti's Opera, "L'opera di Borgia," with English and Italian words. This work is beautiful fully got up, and is of uniform size with the Musical Guest. It is published monthly, for twenty-five cents, and its cheapness will enable every lover of Italian music to possess the popular Italian opera without the cumbersome and expensive which are never sung. The next opera published will be "Il Traviatore." Every amateur should possess a copy of the Operatic Musical Guest.

DRAMA.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The old comedies, cast to the full strength of the star company now acting here, attract fair houses, in spite of the sultry weather. Indeed the "garden" presents so refreshing and alluring an aspect, that we imagine many a passer-by is induced to pay his half-dollar simply for the pleasure of exploring it more fully. A new play, written by the indefatigable John Brougham and called "Art and Artifice," is underlined. We understand that it is to be produced in a style worthy of this house, with entire new scenery and mountings; and if the piece is what it is said to be, the very best production of Mr. Brougham's pen, we can safely predict for it a run, even though the dog days. We hear rumors, too, of a new burlesque from the same prolific source, with the recollections of "Peachblossom" and "Columbus" still fresh in our memory, we anticipate a right merry time when the new comedy sees the light.

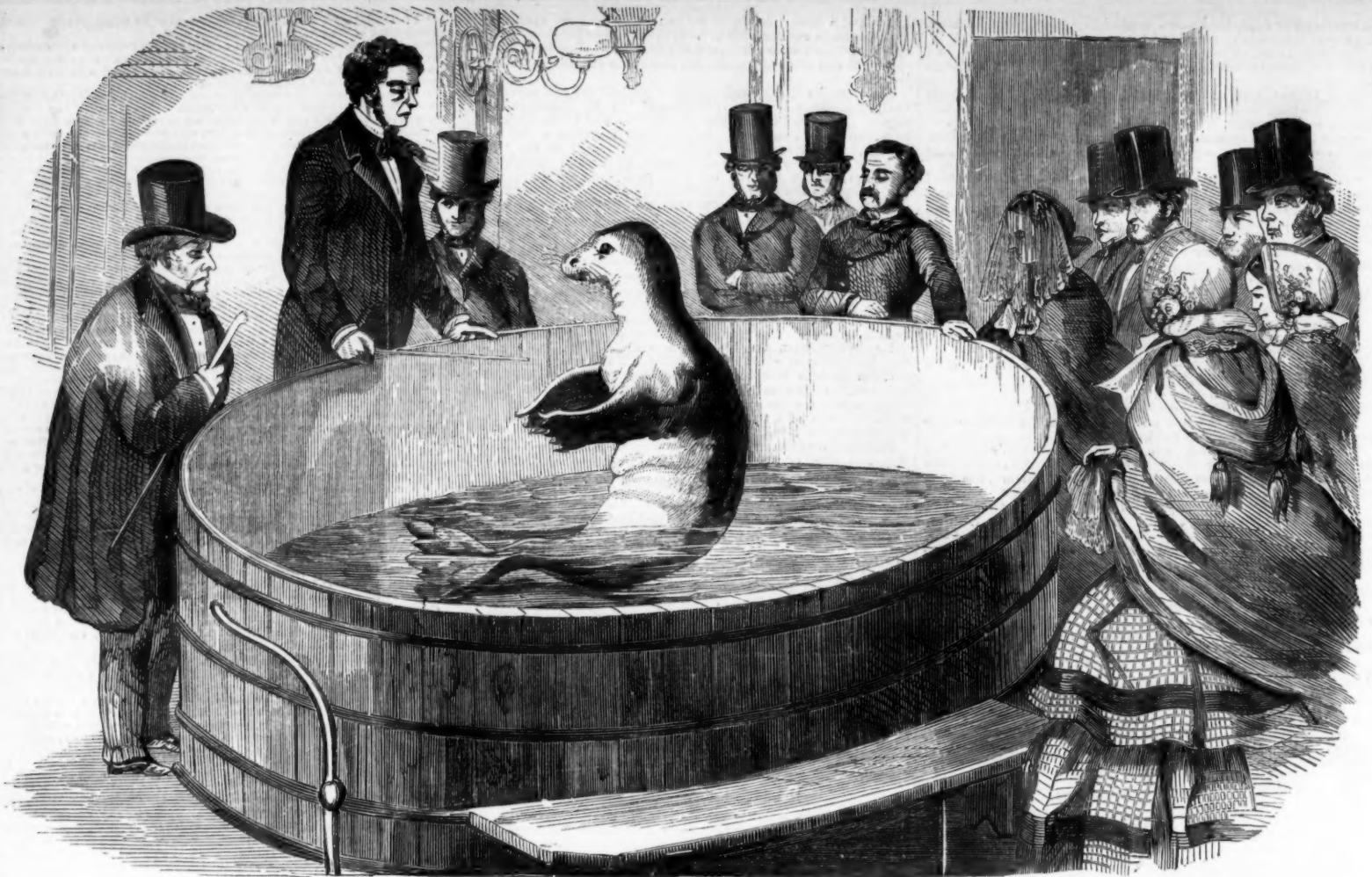
LAURA KEESE.—The fair sisters Gugenheim are still performing at this house in their favorite Paris, but the attendance has recently been rather factory. During the week they have produced the Brougham burlesque of "Columbus," but with the exception of Mr. Baker and his admirable orchestra, the company at present engaged here is in its musical one, there is no burlesque on the really be called a success. The sisters, however, managed to make the audience laugh immoderately which is saying a good deal, when the thermometer ranges between 80 and 90°.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Florence have commenced their summer season at this establishment, and so far have met with gratifying success, a pecuniary point of view. But if our own part we have no sympathy with either their class of plays or manner of acting them, and would be perfectly in line to think that neither the one nor the other tend to elevate the drama, or to reflect to the theatre that portion of the community to which artists most look for legitimate and lasting success. It is only fair to add, however, that those who appear to prefer their performances to enjoy the rickety fun amuse call, and so we presume that both as an art and an amusement are satisfied.

BARBANT'S AMERICAN THEATRE.—Sister comedy has been the order of the afternoon and evening at this establishment during the past week. With a good company, well-selected plays and admirable stage and business management, the old curiosity shop holds its own, now as ever, in the estimation of that public to whom its performances are specially adapted.

ZOUVE THEATRICALS.—A letter from Sorraire of the 18th of May in the Pays from a person accompanying the French troops on the road to Genoa to Alessandria, says: "During three weeks we have been wading in mud, and I have been wet through by rain. To-day I have, on leaving the train, the rain ceased, and I am glad to say I have spread our faces, and when the sun shone out joyous songs were sung. In truth there is no more melancholy than the route over the mountains—no air, no perspective, no horizon—on the right on the left, undisturbed and overcast, every where rock—always rock. Our first evening passed at Alessandria was very gay. Some of our Zouaves were lodged in a barn which the inhabitants had converted into a theatre for a strolling company; and there a full remained a stage a curtain, scenery and footlights. No thing was wanting but the actors; but our men considered the opportunity too favorable not to give the inhabitants a specimen of their talents. Immense and splendid bills were stuck up in the village, announcing a performance for the benefit of the poor; and the same was likewise made known by the beat of the drum in the village, accompanied by the customary declaration that it was to be by permission of the Mayor." In the evening the theatre was crowded, and the performance was charmingly varied—namely, a vaudeville, a pantomime, a ballad and singing. From the manner in which the inhabitants of Alessandria applauded, they must have been delighted. For my own part I laughed until tears fell from my eyes at the ballet, which was executed by a Zouave Zouave who was at first like the dancing girl of the opera. In the course of the ballet were a pas de deux, composed by the dancing master of the regiment, and the finale was so grotesque as to be impossible to describe."

DISCARITY.—In the course of a violent thunderstorm which broke over Maltry, near Orleans (France), the lightning penetrated into a house occupied by a man named Prevot, in which he, his wife, his four children, and two of their neighbors were seated, and the whole eight persons were thrown violently to the ground, and for a time stunned. One of the children and one of the neighbors sustained injury, but the others were not hurt. At the moment the lightning entered, Prevot was smoking a pipe, and the electric fluid he held in his hand; it struck the cap of the pipe, and one of his neighbors, and cut the string by which the thick wadding stick of the other neighbor was attached to his pipe, and threw the stick among them. It also killed one neighbor and injured another.



THE TALKING AND PERFORMING FISH, NOW EXHIBITING IN LONDON.

THE TALKING FISH.

We give an illustration of the so-called talking fish, which has been on exhibition and creating much interest in England for some time past.

It is now ascertained that the term fish is a misnomer, the animal being in fact a seal, of a species which has hitherto been almost unknown.

It is remarkable for its great size, being twelve feet in length, and weighing eight hundred weight. It has two rows of teeth, and is covered with fine hair. It eats nearly forty-five pounds of fish per diem. Its fins are especially curious, much resembling hands and will bend and develop joints like the human wrists and elbows. It will present either the left or right at the command of its keeper.



ROBERT OVER, EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF LANCELOT ADAMS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. R. SMITH, OF BRANTFORD, C. W.

to whom it appears much attached. It is stated that it was captured by Signor Cavana and crew on the coast of Africa, the 5th of May, 1854.

It does not talk very much, but it can say "papa," "mamma," "John" and can dance in an odd and fi-ny way.

At first it was imagined that the whole affair was a cheat, but as Triculo or Stephano, or somebody remarks, it is a "veritable fish," and does what is promised for it.

EXECUTION OF OVER AND MOORE FOR THE MURDER OF LANCELOT ADAMS, ON THE 14TH OF APRIL LAST.

It will be recollected that, some weeks ago, the daily press contained the intelligence of the murder of a man named Lancelot Adams, who was employed to carry the mail between Paris and Brantford, C. W. The affair created much excitement, and a strict inquiry was made for the purpose of discovering the perpetrators of the deed, which resulted in the arrest of three negroes, named Over, Moore and Armstrong.

They declared their innocence of the matter, and persisted in the declaration until after their trial, when, being found guilty and sentenced to death, Over and Moore confessed their guilt, stipulating that it should not be published until after their death, Over saying that it was he that fired the fatal shot.

Two of the culprits, Over and Moore, were hung in accordance with the sentence; the remaining one, Armstrong, who had confessed before his trial had his sentence commuted.

Over and Moore also confessed that they were the men who placed the obstruction on the track of the Great Western Railroad on the night of the 12th of April last. The following is the confession:

"The day Joseph Armstrong got out of jail, he came to the house where we lived and took Moore aside, and tried to engage him and me to rob an Indian named Fishcarrier. On the way, we found he wanted to kill him, then we turned back; we had both guns with us. When disappointed in this, he then planned to rob the mail between Brantford and Paris, which he said could be easily done, as there was only one man in charge of it. We were not confined to robbing the mail only when we started, but were to rob any one we came across prior to meeting the mail. We intended to kill and rob. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when the mail came along. We all laid on the north side of the road. I, Robert Over, laid upon my left side with the gun resting on my left arm; I shot him as soon as he came up; the first shot took effect; I then ran and caught the horse and turned him to the south side of the road; in turning him the man fell out of the wagon going down the hill; by this time John Moore came up and searched his pockets for firearms; I heard the man say, 'Lord have mercy on me.' I said to Moore, 'Come along, that man will come to again.' I then took the mail bags out of the wagon; Armstrong had two, Moore one and I one; when we opened the first bag the man was still living; and when we crossed the creek I could hear him say, 'Lord have mercy;' when he died we cannot tell; the amount taken out of the bags was about three hundred dollars—one hundred and twenty in one letter, thirty in another, fives, tens and twos in others—we do not know the exact amount; Armstrong had one hundred and forty; but to tell where the money is we now cannot, for we do not know, but we know where we left it; I, Robert Over, had twenty-six dollars as near as I can remember; some of it was spent, but we cannot tell how much; I should think there was twenty dollars when I was taken by the constables; I gave my pocket-book to my wife with the money in it, and what she has done with it I do not know, and cannot tell anything more about it. I, John Moore, had twenty-seven dollars when I was taken by the constables, which I pushed into a crack of the house, giving my wife the wink when it was done; what she has done with it I cannot tell. The Bible teaches me that it does not belong to me, and I will therefore tell the truth about it, as it is my duty. These things we would have stated before, but the people have come here and tormented us as though we were wild animals, and we were afraid we would be punished privately, and also we did not wish to implicate any one in the trouble but ourselves; and if I had yielded to the Good Spirit, I should not have been in it myself; but one great reason for our doing it was, we were without money, and owed debts, and no way to pay them, and we had been sued for rent.

"We, Robert Over and John Moore, do confess, for fear that some innocent person should be taken for the offence, that we laid the obstruction on the Great Western track, on the 12th of March last."



JOHN MOORE, EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF LANCELOT ADAMS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. R. SMITH, OF BRANTFORD, C. W.

SARDINIAN ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT SUBA.

PERHAPS never before in the world's history has inventive science had such an opportunity to demonstrate its importance as in the conflict now raging on the plains of Lombardy. When the First Napoleon entered Italy, more than half his own time, patience, and an equal share of the vigor of his troops, was wasted in the labor and vexation attendant upon the transportation of his heavy baggage and artillery. In the 18th Napoleon's time there are no such campaigning harassments. Railroads which intersect each other the country through are ever ready to carry soldiers and ammunition from place to place. The artilleryman is no longer compelled to toil through sandy plains and up difficult ascents, dragging after

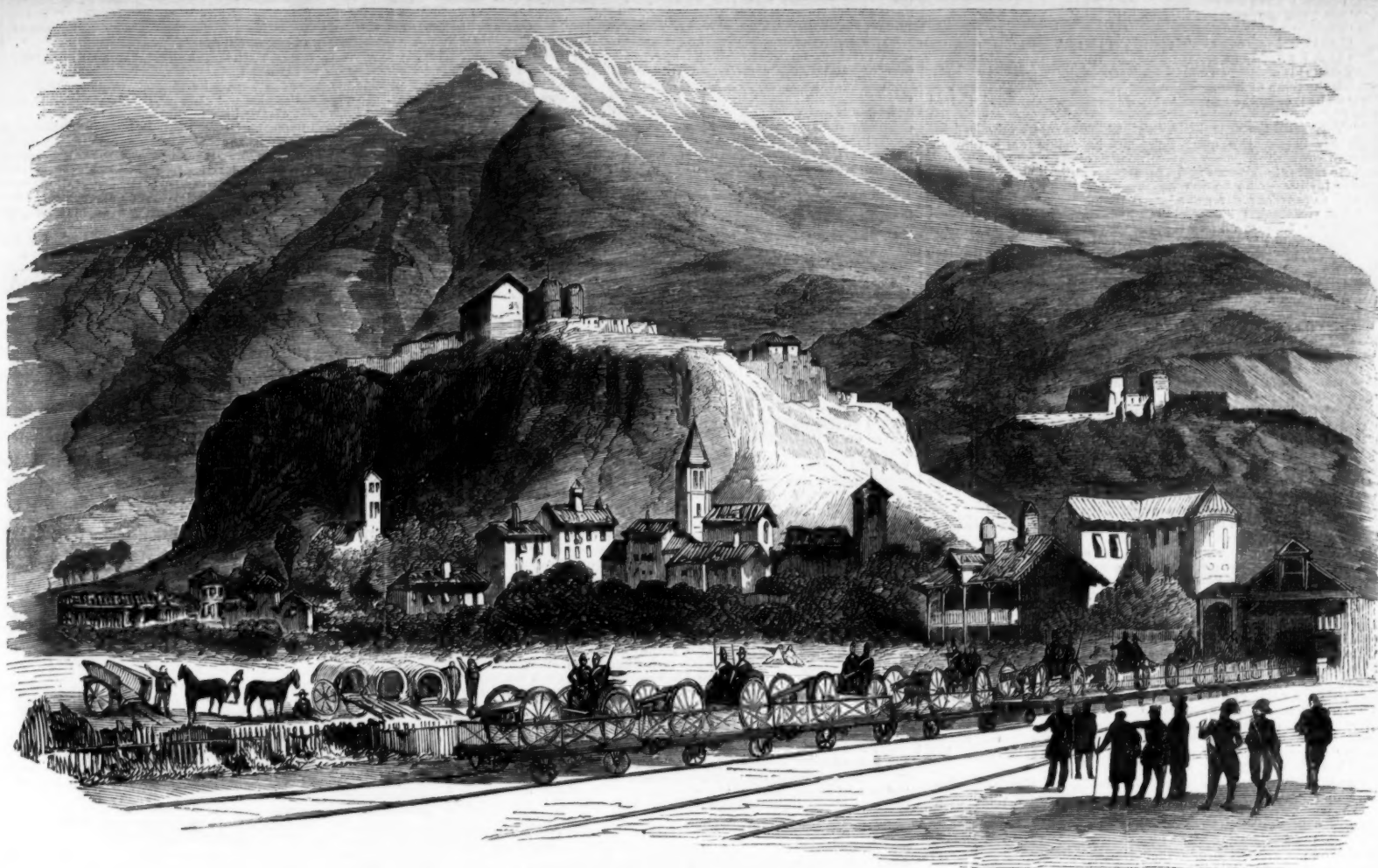


JOSEPH A. ARMSTRONG, UNDER SENTENCE OF IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE, FOR BEING ACCESSORY TO THE MURDER OF LANCELOT ADAMS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. R. SMITH, OF BRANTFORD, C. W.

him that most ponderous engine of modern warfare—the mounted cannon.

We are led to these remarks by the scene depicted in the accompanying engraving, and by the many instances of its recurrence in the present war. Our picture represents the arrival at Suba of a train of artillery, sent by the Sardinian Government for the arming of the forts there. We cannot look at those comfortable artillerymen, mounted on the carriages of their pieces and gliding swiftly and easily towards their destination, without thinking that, henceforward, railroads should be considered one of the conveniences of war.

Awful Effect of Lightning.—On Friday evening last, betwixt six and seven o'clock, at the G. & F. Racecourse, Limbstone, S.C., shortly after a neighborhood race, some discussion was going on of the probability of another race on a future day, and many were parting in it around a tree. At this time the sun was scarcely setting, with no indication of a storm. Suddenly a discharge, loud as a cannon's roar, with subsequent sounds like the falling of pieces of a gun-carriage, were heard. The tree was riven by the bolt, and William, a son of Dr. Wm. Nott, leaning against the trunk, was prostrated, as were also some six or eight others, while some four or five were stunned by the electric discharge. Nott lived a few minutes only; Wm. Long was supposed to be dead, but, though frightfully burned on various portions of his person, and his boots burst by the suble fluid, he recovered; M. Milwood was also burnt and scared; Thomas Gaffney was severely shocked; others, to the number of six or eight, were affected, but not otherwise injured. It may not be peculiar to these cases, but those receiving the charge of electricity, when consciousness returned, thought they had been shot, and looked to see whence the balls came, no one thinking of lightning. We have often heard of the photographic power of electricity, but this is the only instance in which this phenomenon has been certified to us. It was on the person of young Nott. On the front surface of the thigh was indelibly impressed the perfect branch of a tree, leaves and all; and this notwithstanding the part was protected by his pantaloons and drawers.



ARRIVAL OF THE SARDINIAN ARTILLERY AT SUSA.

GERTRUDE GRAHAM; OR, THE LITTLE WOODEN BOWL.

By M. Whortley Benton.

"DEAR grandfather, please give us a story this dreary winter evening!" exclaimed a half-dozen voices, as the old man addressed as "grandfather" seated himself in his arm-chair, before the glowing fire-place in Farmer Graham's old-fashioned, capacious kitchen.

"It is a real Seventy-six snow-storm, isn't it, father?" interrupted the good dame, who, with an armful of fagots, appeared among the group with her light brown locks fleecy with snow-flakes, just descended upon them, as she made a journey to the wood-pile. "Lift your chair, Will, so I can pile the fore-stick higher! I hope Horace will find the roads broken out. The mare is a little skerryish, and if anything should happen to your father, what would become of you, my boys?"

"We are going to have one of grandpa's stories, mother," piped little May. "Oh, won't it be nice!"

"Tell us a ghost story!" implored Will.

"No! it is going to be about General Putnam and the wolf; isn't it, grandpa?" exclaimed the oldest boy.

"Oh, no, please, grandfather; tell us about great ladies and fine gentlemen, won't you?" chimed in Gertrude, a flashing-eyed little damsel, whom, in scanning the group, one would at once select as much the handsomest and most brilliant of the whole.

"Will you tell us something with a moral to it?" whispered the second boy, who was grandfather's namesake, Richard. "Something like the peasant who sighed to be a prince. Gattie likes to hear about lords and ladies, and I don't care about them; I love those who are good if they are poor!" sermonized the thoughtful boy, casting a glance around upon his sister.

"Yes, but, grandpa," replied Gertrude, "isn't it a great deal better to be great, and rich, and admired, than to be poor and never thought of by any one?"

"All very good," returned the mild old man, with a smile, rapping the ashes from his pipe, and placing it upon the fire-frame. "Riches are very comfortable sometimes, but contentment is better, my children. I fear that little Gattie is like the Little Wooden Bowl."

"Am I like a little wooden bowl?" returned Gertrude. "Well, that is funny!"

"Do, dear grandpa, tell us about the wooden bowl?" broke forth the whole group.

"I will, my dear little ones," was the old man's reply. So he took the pet, May, on his knee, while Dame Graham now came from the casement, out of which she had been anxiously looking for her sponse, who had gone to the neighboring town, and with her knitting settled herself by the fireside to listen with the rest, and Grandfather Howard proceeded.

"There was once a wooden bowl, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and so nicely carved, that no one ever saw a more delicate and tasteful wooden bowl; and no one ever took it up without saying 'How pretty this is!'"

"So the little wooden bowl grew vain and proud in time. 'Ah!' it thought, 'if I could only be like a silver tankard! Now I am only used by the servants, but if I were silver it might happen that the king himself might quaff from my brim that delicious nectar of Rhineland vintage; whereas, being only a wooden bowl, nothing but common folks eat meal porridge from me.' So the wooden bowl kept sighing, and addressed itself to the mistress:

"Dear mistress, I am too good to be a wooden bowl—I feel that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but to be the ornament of proud tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Contrive, dear friend, to make me a silver tankard."

"So the mistress carried the little wooden bowl to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay it with silver. He did so. The wooden bowl was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then was its heart glad and proud, and it scorned all its old companions. When it came home it was placed on a shelf above its former companions, and became at once intimate with the family. Silver wished the gold goblet to call her first cousin, and made great pretensions to gentry; but it happened that when the other tankards and goblets were taken out for use this one was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost on the shelf, in order not to be forgotten, but to be placed with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that evening there being company, and all the plate brought out save the silver wooden bowl, she complained once more to the mistress:

"Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver tankard, and have a right to appear with the rest

of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah!" said the mistress, "the servants know by your weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silver bowl. "What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver tankard from a wooden bowl?"

"Dear," replied the mistress, "silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier," cried the little wooden bowl. "I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant."

"Still willing to gratify her, the mistress again carried the little wooden bowl to the goldsmith."

"Dear sir," she said, "make this silvered wooden bowl as heavy as a silver tankard."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead in it."

"Ah," thought the poor bowl, "then he must bore straight into my heart; but one must bear all for honor. Yes! he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real silver tankard!"

"So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate closet. Now the servants took it out with the rest, and knew no difference. So the little wooden bowl was passed for a real beautiful silver tankard, and would have been as happy as possible if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart."

"But at last the old mistress died, and the silvered wooden bowl, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the table she recollected that the mistress was the only person who knew that she was nothing but a

wooden bowl, silvered over, with a lump of lead in her heart. But when the mistress took another one she was jealous, and said to herself,

"That is because she knows all about me. She knows that I am a wooden bowl, silvered over, with a lump of lead in my heart!"

"But when the mistress died, she said to herself, 'Now I am free, for no one will ever know now that I am not what I seem.'"

"The family silver, however, was to be sold, and was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it that he might work it anew. The unhappy wooden bowl was bought with the rest. She saw the furnace ready, and heard, with dismay, that all would be put into it. She was dreadfully alarmed, and exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune who lay calmly within sight of the furnace.

"They will turn us to ashes," she cried; "how quietly you all take such treatment!"

"Oh, no," said an old tankard and spoon, which stood side by side "oh, no; they will do us no harm. The furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

"The silvered wooden bowl listened but was not comforted. It did not solace her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah!" sighed the silly little bowl, "I see that it is not by brightness only, neither by weight that real silver is known."

"The silver was cast into the furnace, but when the goldsmith came and took the little bowl up, she cried, with a trembling voice,

"Dear sir, I certainly am a silver tankard, that you will well conceive by my appearance and weight; but I am not the same sort of silver as the other goblets are. I am of a finer sort that cannot bear fire."



"YOU HAVE NOT THEN FORGOTTEN ME—THE OLD MOTHER FROM THE MOUNTAIN?" SAID AN ELDERLY PEASANT WOMAN, CLAD IN A COARSE GARK.

"Indeed! what are you then? Perhaps tin."
 "No! you cannot think so meanly of me?"
 "Perhaps lead?"
 "Lead! ah, you can easily see if I am lead."
 "That I will do," he replied.
 "Taking his mallet he severed the rivets of the silvered bowl, when out fell the lump of lead."
 "No ho!" cried the master, "only a common wooden bowl silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor little bowl, which as soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy, "I am a common wooden bowl. Take away the silvering, cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now I know how stupid it was for a wooden bowl to wish to pass for a silver one."

"And you think I am like that little wooden bowl," said little Gertrude, "because I know that the rich live in happiness and the poor suffer want?"

"But we ain't poor, are we, grandpapa?" replied Richard. "We've got cows and pigs, and hens and old sheep, and a big barn, and father will come home with a new flock for you, and nice sugar and flour, and bring May a picture book."

"Yes," replied Gattie, "but there are a great many little girls and boys that have nice new bonnets, and can wear shoes and stockings all the time, and don't have to go after the cows barefooted like you and me."

"But Gattie," replied Richard, "don't we have enough? and then you know father and mother are so kind. See the striped mittens mother's knitted for you."

"Richard," at length chimed in the grandfather, resuming his pipe and patting the deep-eyed boy on the head, "you talk like a minister!"

"Yes, Parson Whitney said a contented mind was a continual feast," broke in Horace, the eldest son.

"I wish I was Parson Whitney's daughter," interrupted little Gattie. "She wears a silk dress and a beautiful necklace. I saw her last Sunday—and such a fine bonnet, too!"

"And you looked at these when you should have been looking at the minister," remarked Dame Graham.

"Oh, she is only a little puss, Bess," pleaded the grandfather. "Just then the scud of sleigh bells were heard approaching, and the two eldest boys, as well as their mother, hastened to the door to greet the snow-covered and half-frozen squire."

"The jolliest winter blink I've seen for a long time," exclaimed Farmer Graham as he came stamping the snow off his feet and shaking it from his dreadsought coat as he approached the fire.

"How are all my little lambs here? How do you do, May, my lassie?" he continued, as the golden-haired grandchild scrambled from her grandfather's knees on to those of her father. "Sleepy? Kitten. I've got some cakes and bon-bons for you and Gattie; you shall have them in the morning. Bess, put these little trundle beds in the bed-room; and boys, I've got all you three a new pair of boots a piece, and each a new comforter. Will I've brought a pair of skates, and kick and horse a sled a piece. You are all good boys. You shall have them to-morrow, and now to bed."

The three delighted boys took their candle, and after a circuitous run up rickety stairs and through garret chambers (upon which they discussed their new acquisitions and detailed what sundry of their school-fellows had boasted of), they were long tucked in between the home-made blankets of their couch. The three now lay before the kitchen fire were commenting upon the storm, and the various items that were current in town.

"I've got to go again in a week; I've made a market for my cattle, and must take them down next week, and I've been thinking, as Gattie is so great a favorite with Parson Whitney, and they have urged us so hard to bring her to visit them, whether I should not take her along or a day or two. I brought her a new bonnet, though I thought I wouldn't say anything to her about it. She's handsome as a pink, and I wouldn't have her vain."

The mother felt a little pride at the idea of her pretty little Gattie being petted by the parson and the great folks in town, and accordingly acquiesced. It is needless to depict the delight of our little heroine when made acquainted that she had actually got a new bonnet and was going to town the following week. She flew to caress her father, kiss her mother and pat Richard.

"Oh, I am so happy! I shall see so many ladies and nice clothes!"

"You mustn't drop your little eyes out, darling," whispered Grandfather Howard, "nor forget about the 'Little Wooden Bowl.'"

Some days afterward, Farmer Graham set out with his drove of cattle and his little Gertrude for the neighboring town; and those who looked from the old gray farm-house after them, seemed, although well pleased, to feel regret at shutting the door after the beautiful, brilliant child, who was now speeding towards a stranger's habitation.

"It is six years to-day since Estelle died," sighed Mrs. Squire Hammond, as she took a small lock of hair from the sideboard, and held it before the Squire, who sat in his great easy chair before the glowing grate.

"Six years!—can it be possible?"

"And still we miss her," added the lady, sorrowfully, for she knew her husband really deplored their loss more than even herself.

"Yes, I love her memory. She was a dear child. But come, Kate, let us take a drive in the snow and call at Parson Whitney's; he's been afflicted with the rheumatism of late."

Accordingly, Squire Hammond and his spruce dame were soon speeding towards the friendly door of the village parson.

Welcomed to the glowing fireside of the venerable rector, the visitors soon felt themselves at home, for the good parson, looking out for the temporal as well as spiritual, knew how to keep the right side of such parishioners as Squire Hammond.

In time the little visitor from the old farm was introduced into the group—with her sparkling black eyes, her raven curls, and cheeks which the winter cold left as red as a rose.

"Beautiful child!" exclaimed Lady Hammond. "Isn't she like Estelle? What is your name, little girl?"

"Gertrude—Gertrude Graham,"—as the reply.

"How old are you?" interposed the Squire.

"Eight years."

"Eight years! Isn't she pretty!" exclaimed Madame.

"She really is not unlike Estelle," replied the Squire, and then settled himself into a sort of reverie.

The intelligence and sweet smile of little Gattie took his fancy at once; this, combined with the circumstances of her appearing on the anniversary of his daughter's death, and his fondness for her, determined him, if possible, to adopt the sunny-faced, raven-ringed child as darling in the place of the lost one.

Madame, it seemed, had also the same intention at heart, and accordingly unfolded her project to the good old parson, who referred them to the father of little Gertrude, whom they could meet in a few days at his house.

Alas! passed on, and Farmer Graham was importuned to give his consent to part with little Gattie. At first he would hear nothing of the kind, but when he came to visit the house of the Squire and mark the wealth and comfort within, and felt assured that his child would be brought up in affluence and at last become the heiress of his wealth, he was shaken in his determination, and left little Gattie only for a few days, that he "might consult her mother."

It became quite lively now in the mansion of the Squire, and Dame Hammond was only too happy to once more hear herself addressed as "Mother," by one whom she soon loved as her own child. And into that little hearth, glimmering as it was, came another love, dormant till then, the love of the world, obnoxious the love that she had once felt for the dear father and mother who had prayed above her infant couch the old grandfather who dandled her on his knee, and the groups of merry brothers and sisters that filled her home with glee.

Eight years passed away. Little Gattie had grown into a fine young lady, and we need hardly say, that the beauty which had been recognized by the humble groups about the fireside on the old farm, had given to her a girlhood surpassed by few. "You are the brightest flower of the ball-room, dear Gertrude," whispered Madame Hammond, one evening at a ball in the smart metropolis of — as she wrapped the shawl about her foster child, "and it amused me greatly to see how the butterflies gathered round you."

"He is not a butterfly," thought Gertrude, as she reflected upon

the young cavalier who had acted the *debonnair*, and into the depths of whose eyes she so loved to look. "No, no, not Lieutenant Clifford."

The morning after this fête above-mentioned, Madame Hammond sought the apartment of Gertrude, and finding her child in an attitude of reverie, again referred to the last night's entertainment, from which grew an earnest conversation upon more heart-rending matters, the instigation of which was love, and the existence of which gave the foster mother great uneasiness. Left alone once more, Gertrude sought the drawing-room, and throwing open the casement, brought the light upon the faithful picture of her childhood home which hung upon the wall. She sat upon a sofa beside her, and wrought upon by the powerful feelings of first affection, gave way again to reverie.

Her unemployed hands were interlaced, and her bright deep eyes, gazing forward, and her jetty locks thrown back, would make one testify that Gertrude Hammond was as captivated in her morning robe as in the tissue of a ball-room, while through her breast and brain these queries flashed as lightning.

"What does he think of me, or does he think of me at all? What if he should know all? If he should know that I am not the person that I seem; that my position is a false one, and I am only the daughter of a poor farmer! How that haunts me! He is so elegant and refined! How my father and brothers would look beside him! I used to dream of my old home with pleasure, but now how ill-timed I should find myself there! Yes, I was happy once, happy and glad, but now I stand in continual fear. What if my father should come here, the old brusque farmer! How the memory of childhood will return! Once it would come like a butterfly fluttering round the soul, to draw some honey from its flowers. Alas, I believe the flowers are dead; there is no honey for memory to feed on now. A thousand fawn around me now, but I fancy I hear them whisper, 'She is nothing but a laborer's daughter!'

What if he should hear it? Gertrude was here suddenly interrupted in her meditations by Lieutenant Clifford, who had regarded her with admiration from the casement window, and now bounded to her side. She had never seemed so pretty in his eyes, and never had his heart so yearned towards her. As he came before Gertrude, she rose tremblingly to receive him, and he, forgetting both caution and reserve, seized her hand and exclaimed, "Gertrude, Miss Hammond, let me speak to you. I have long wished to do so."

Gertrude hung her head, but young Clifford continued, breathed of his devotion, and asked her to become his wife; and she consented, weeping many tears upon his breast.

Just at this juncture Dame Hammond entered with several visitors, and Clifford bowed his exit, strong in hope and love. He loved Gertrude, but he resolved never to make her his wife until he could make her happy in every way; for, in truth, Lieut. Clifford was only a farmer's son, and worked for his bread, and, though no longer poor, lived in a plain way. They had spared no expense upon their only son. Arthur honored his parents, and found it his greatest happiness to visit his comfortable home; and Arthur Clifford's wife must love and honor these dear old people as he did.

Let us now glance back to the old farm-house among the hills. The silver-headed grandpapa had departed into the quiet land, and an epidemic had carried the oldest boy and the two youngest pets also to the still land, leaving the second boy out of the once merry household. And Dame Graham almost believed that the departure of her little Gattie had been an evil talisman for her household. It was a long time since any mission had been received from the once darling child and, heart-sick, the good mother determined to once again seek out her child, and tell her of her old love.

"You have not then forgotten me—the old mother from the mountain?" said an elderly peasant woman, clad in a coarse garb, as she appeared before Miss Hammond.

"Certainly not; forgotten you!" was the reply of the young lady, stretching out her hand, somewhat astonished.

"Heaven help me, my child," replied the old woman, while tears gathered in her eyes, "I did not come here to mar your happiness, or take you from your fine friends. No! If you despise me, Gertrude, so you are happy—but I know you do not despise your poor old mother."

Gertrude Graham was moved. "Despise you! No, dear mother, that can never be," she pressed the good woman's hand; "that would be sinful, miserable in me. Despise my mother! No!"

Dame Graham held the thin white hand in her dry and horny fingers. "I knew it!" she replied. "Richard said otherwise; he said, 'you were the wooden bowl that wished to be a silver tankard, and so must have a lump of lead in your heart.' Do you feel any lead in your heart, child? I know Richard was wrong!"

"My brother was right," thought Gertrude, "the lead is here." She trembled as she thought, and as she trembled she felt her heart's within. Thoroughly humbled for the moment, Gertrude Graham cast herself upon her mother's breast and wept.

"Give me not, my little Gattie," said the mother, soothingly. "Those words, 'Little Gattie,' brought a host of old remembrances. Then the thought of Lieut. Clifford flashed on her mind, and in a moment she was 'Miss Gertrude Graham,' and she spoke reasonably and calmly once more.

Every word fell cold and chill upon the mother's heart, and bidding her once "Little Gattie" a tearful farewell she departed, feeling that she must not seek her as the child again. A few days after, while attending a festival held among the good people of the lively village of —, a tall, sunburnt youth made his appearance among the merry-makers, and unwelcomed by those about him, whom he found all strangers, he appeared quite as awkward as he felt. At length Arthur Clifford, with the address of a true gentleman, attempted to place the new comer at ease, and scanned the group to detect some face to whom he could refer the stranger as a friend; but was prevented by the young man who, laying his hand upon young Clifford's arm, implored him to spare himself all trouble, for he only wished to view his sister in the charmed circle, and depart without being known. Clifford pressed the hand of the stranger, and led him to the side of the smiling Gertrude, who was in the light of her beauty, admired on all sides. Poor Gertrude Graham! He then knew all, for he had heard it from her brother's own lips, and Madame Hammond, who had come also to the reunion, had detailed the late visit of the once mother, and her delight that she had succeeded in winning the beautiful girl's affection from such rustic scenes and people.

"Very natural, sir, don't you think so?" appealed the proud dame.

"Pardon me, madam," replied Clifford, "I cannot think it natural."

"Then you do not admire Miss Hammond's conduct?"

"I cannot," was the reply, and he soon left the scene without saying adieu to Gertrude, who attempted to seem gay, but found it a hard matter to dance with a load of lead at her heart, for in the silvered wooden bowl the cross had grown heavy.

The rustic brother, like the humble mother, soon took his departure, and for long days Gertrude had but to ponder in the heartless part she had so long acted. At length she received the following epistle from Arthur Clifford:

"BELOVED GERTRUDE—For the first and last time permit me to call you so. It may console you in your future to know that one heart has beat for you with tender emotions. Gertrude, I love you; but I love others also—I reverence the parents who watched over my boyhood and take pride in my manhood. These parents, Miss Hammond, are humble and industrious; education and circumstances have alone elevated their son. This letter, dear Gertrude, but for one circumstance, might have been to solicit you for my wife, but now I must say what my wife must be. I am a farmer's son, and I must only seek one for my wife who would not be ashamed to be a farmer's daughter. I may think of you often, and hoping you may be as happy as I am confident you could have made me, I am, "ARTHUR."

The lead sunk deep, very deep, now in the heart of the silvered wooden bowl, and the furnace was ready. A short time after Arthur Clifford received these few lines:

"Only by one word you wrong me—I have not despised my parents."

Time passed. Old Farmer Graham passed to heaven, and weary of her hollow heartiness, Gertrude had torn herself away from it, and chose to remain in the old brown cottage, and be the little Gattie of other days. One day as Gertrude and her mother sat at their work, the latter referred to the former gay life of her daughter, and asked if she did not regret?

"No, no!" replied Gertrude, "I will stay with you always, could I but wipe away one tear."

"Amen!" said a deep voice, and in another moment Capt. Arthur Clifford folded the blue-bird Gertrude in his arms. "Dearest Gertrude, can I claim this little hand now? I have all my old love to offer you—Miss Hammond I mean."

"My name is Gertrude Graham; by that name I was baptized, and I am Gertrude Graham still."

"Yes, that name stands here," he replied, drawing the note of two years ago from his pocket. "How often I have read it, dear Gertrude. I have not despised my mother!"

We need not dwell upon the happy reunions of the reunited pair, upon the heritage bestowed by the foster parents upon their adopted child, now Mrs. Capt. Clifford. Enough to say that the wedding festival was a gathering of old friends, both homely rustic and fashionable, and that brother Richard added to the beautiful presents of his sister a little wooden bowl, neatly carved, without any lump of lead in it, while the happy captain clasped her to his heart, exclaiming:

"My wooden bowl is more precious to me now than when it was silvered over, for it is most excellent of its kind!"

THE LATE FANNY DEANE HALSEY.

FANNY DEANE HALSEY, whose portrait we engrave, was born at La Prairie, on the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, on the 5th October, 1841, and was consequently only eighteen years old at the time of her death.

Her name will be remembered by theatre-goers as attached to Wallack's Theatre, where, although only engaged in subordinate characters, by her pleasant style and easy manners on the stage, she was a very general favorite.

She was the first who played the character of Matilda Smiler, in John Brougham's "Game of Life."

In 1857 she married Mr. Halsey, and retired from the stage, but occasionally gave entertainments, readings, &c., the last of which took place in the early part of this year.

LEOPOLD II., LATE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

LEOPOLD II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born in Florence in 1797.

His father, the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., was driven from his dominions by the French shortly after Leopold's birth, and he accordingly retired to Würzburg, which had been ceded to him by the peace of Lunéville in 1803. It was here that Leopold received his education, devoting himself to mathematics in particular; he also became a very good French and classical scholar.

Here he remained until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when his father was restored to Florence, and in 1817 he married the Princess Ann, daughter of Maximilian of Saxony, and after her death was united to the Princess Marie Antoinette daughter of Francis, King of the Two Sicilies.

He succeeded his father in June, 1824, and under his rule Tuscany became the envy of all the Italian states; and to his honor be it said, that during the long period of continental misgovernment, extending from 1815 to 1848, his rule was always characterized by liberality and moderation.

Always mindful of his people, he was ever alive to their material wants, and never forgot their moral and intellectual welfare. Under him, the work of popular education went bravely on; the administration of justice was entirely reorganized; scientific and philanthropic institutions were in a flourishing condition, and some of the best roads and bridges in Italy were constructed.

In 1848, when the political storm which had been gathering strength for some time, burst over his duchy, he declared that his wishes were to effect all possible ameliorations, and preserve the peace of Europe, and for a time he appeared likely to weather the storm then raging in every part of central Europe.

Owing, however, to his monarchical ideas, and his relation to the house of Hapsburg, he was compelled to leave his dominions, and watch the progress of events.

A republic was proclaimed during his absence, but it was of brief duration; the Austrians, who had been everywhere victorious, were induced to tolerate any such form of government in a neighboring State, and Leopold returned to his capital, where he was well received by his subjects, and shortly afterwards entered into a convention by which it was agreed that ten thousand Austrian soldiers should occupy Tuscany and support the authority of the sovereign, who, however, had little or no power left him, for the duchy was really governed by Marshal Radetzky.

In the late political revolution, Leopold positively refused to co-operate in the struggle for Italian independence. He objected to declare war against Austria, and declined to abdicate in favor of his son, whom it was proposed to proclaim as Ferdinand IV. He decided to quit Tuscany with his family, and left without making any provision for a legal and regular Government. "The Tuscans," said he, "may do as they please."

To this line of conduct the world is indebted for the unexampled scene of a bloodless revolution.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

Correspondents.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

EXPLANATION AND ABBREVIATIONS USED IN DESCRIBING DIAGRAM.—THE CUE BALL.—A, stands for above the center of the ball; B, for below it; R, to the right of it; L, to the left of it; and D, for diagonal. Q.P. means the strength or quality of power with which the cue ball must be struck. We describe as follows: Q.P. No. 1, enough to make the ball run to the cushion; Q.P. No. 2, the lower cushion and back to the head cushion; Q.P. No. 3, from the string to the lower cushion, back to the head cushion, and from that to opposite the center pocket. To propel it from the string to the opposite cushion, thence back to the head, and from that back to the lower cushion is Q.P. No. 4. Q.P. No. 4 is a sufficient force to propel the ball from the string to the lower cushion, back to the head cushion, back to the lower cushion again, and thence half-way down the table.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

ROBERTS V. TALLEY.—John Roberts, champion billiard-player of England, has accepted Mr. Tally's challenge, Roberts giving 100 points in 100 up, and Tally to play him in Edinburgh or Glasgow in a month after making the match.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD MATCH.—Our announcement of the proposition to a great match, England v. America, at 1000, seems to have created an unusual excitement in the billiard world, and the details of the cue are actively discussing the probable result of the game, should it be made and played. The only action is to back Mr. Phelan who will be very strong, and well-balancing the immense renown of Mr. Roberts, the English champion, we shall expect to see Mr. Phelan hold an equal position with him in the testing. He has, however, undertaken a tremendous task, and it is success in vanquishing him he will undoubtedly rank as the champion of the world. Mr. Phelan, in declining the recent \$5000 challenge for a return match with Mr. Roberts, declared him to play with Mr. Roberts, of England, or M. Berger, of France; but as Mr. Roberts has been M. Berger, he will not be required to go beyond Mr. R. for the universal championship.—*Field's Sports of the Times*

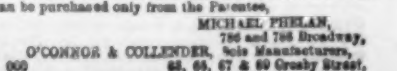
OUR BILLIARD LESSON.—TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CHANCES FOR MAKING POINTS.

In playing billiards we frequently find the balls in a position where a count can be effected in several different ways. In such cases, it is advisable for the player to take into consideration the probabilities of effecting the stroke, and the position of the balls thereafter. If the cue is to be at all doubtful, he should play where he would have the greatest prospect of success, or, in other words, "take the chance."

We will again suppose the cue ball to be in hand, and the player wishing to secure a good break. If he is paying the usual game, it would be advisable for him to play on the object ball so as to pocket it and return over his 1—In this way taking three chances to make a count. If he is playing for extra money, it would be better for him to play on the left of the object ball, so as to draw it back in the string, as near as he other balls as possible.

To make the first stroke: strike the cue ball A. X. R. with Q.P. 2½, and if the object ball is pocketed in the corner, as represented, the count will be made on one of the balls numbered 2 and 8.

To make the second stroke: strike the cue ball A. X. R. with Q.P. 2½, the object ball to be hit X. L.



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3. Sleeve, from centre of Yoke to Hand.
4. Chest, Measure under the Vest.
5. Waist, " " "
6. Length, from top of the Shoulder.

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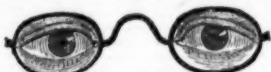
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THE LATE FANNY DEANE HALSET.—FROM A CHRYSTAL MINIATURE, TAKEN BY WM. F. HUSTER, 473 BROADWAY.—SEE PAGE 62.

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LEOPOLD II., LATE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.—SEE PAGE 62.

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